66B0232

Woolf, Virginia
[The Years] V.2

[redacted]

1st state of cover
removed by Virginia Woolf

3rd Sept. 1932

the Trinity Hall

to wonder what
he ~~had~~
done when he wa
young,

NYPL

with her for
regular
prayers.

himself to
& fro

& the things
cry forks as
he tossed
them on the
floor round
him.

for he had
no marcel
Law
he told me that

& then please us
with a word.
with a thing.

13 Clubs [illegible]
removed by Virginia Woolf

[illegible]
Printed by Virginia Woolf

with
extremely
more attractive

a ~~great deal of sweetness in them~~

but perhaps
really stimulated

on a hot
day
with

had a curious
power to
bring before
one ~~the~~ lonely
alp or the
~~young~~ crabbed
old his-own
figure, ~~climbing~~
~~as walked~~;
as he climbed;
to sum up,
even without a
word of description
the characters
[illegible].

NYPL

while
at some prolonged
visit, or long
talking all over the
one she
at some prolonged
~~& miscell~~aneous,
some rather
woman of letters,

& casting the
eye up to
Heaven

P. subs [illegible]
rewritten by Virginia [illegible]

NYPL

Common sense

with a large
balance at the
bank. Still in

And he had
drawn a
pistol.

with the most
dramatic
gestures;
hand;
hand

he had forgotten
the trembling.

Flame was

13 [illegible]
[illegible] by Virginia Woolf

NYPL

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so people said
under their
old pre-

had what was
& ~~so~~ ~~[illegible]~~
even then an
old-fashioned
view ~~of the~~ of
manners &
behaviour –
the vices of
idleness & luxury
was
were probably
true.

the most
advanced of his
parents could not
have allowed
their children
~~a wider, latitude~~.

to the more
serious matter –
the choice of a
profession – the
expression of
an opinion –

13 [illegible]
[illegible]ed by Virginia Woolf

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[illegible]

an art
of [illegible] – he
had ultra
knowledge –
[illegible] inspired
upon her

but so long as
she took her
work seriously

Some parents

what right had
he to interfere

there was
the whole
glory like
as he
shines

when

13 stubs [illegible]
removed by Virginia Woolf

12 stubs [illegible]
removed by Virginia Woolf

19 stubs of pages
removed by Virginia Woolf

Sept. 17th

in the kitchen

[illegible]
Presented by Virginia Woolf

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I pray every night that ~~God~~ may God let me pass'

Curly
[illegible]
[illegible]

Bernard [illegible]
[illegible] by Virginia Woolf

13 leaves [illegible]
removed by Virginia Woolf

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2 What he wanted me in way of Canada.

[illegible]
revised by Virginia Woolf

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19 studies [illegible]
Reviewed by Virginia Woolf

[illegible] [illegible]
removed by [illegible] [illegible]

17 stubs [illegible]
removed by Virginia Woolf

13 stubs of pages
removed by Virginia Woolf

2

The Parhelion
Continued
Nov. 28th 1932

NYPL

NYPL

history in general & Bishop Stubbs in particular that Kitty used to feel that she must read Stubbs if only not to disappoint Miss Craddock.

Of course she always did disappoint her, she thought as she opened Stubbs vol. 3; because she never worked hard enough.

"I see. Dancing again" Miss Craddock used to say as Kitty stumbled out her excuses. But what was the use of complaining! Miss Craddock knew by this time that none of her pupils could be expected to work in Oxford in the summer term – certainly not if they were the daughters of the Masters & 'had' to ~~help mama~~. "We had people staying in the house" Kitty would explain. ~~Or Mama wanted me all~~ I had to the morning. Or ~~Papa was~~ ~~Mama~~ Papa has been in ~~bed with a~~ chill. But Kitty hated ~~say~~ offering these excuses, though they were true, because Miss Craddock had a way of brushing her hand across her mouth, when she was disappointed. She also had a way of looking over her spectacles beaming when Kitty ~~was~~ said something intelligent. And though she had torn up several of Kitty's essays because they were not worthy of a lower girl at Cheltenham – Miss Craddock had been at Cheltenham – there was one that Miss Craddock had kept. had praised: "~~You~~ D' you know Kitty, if you'd only give your ~~mind to it,~~ ~~you would do very well~~ ~~[illegible] chance~~" she said, "you've got ~~a~~ quite an ~~remarkable grasp~~ of – or very original mind." "if you'd give yourself

do this, but
& the [illegible].

give more
time to your
work,

"Quite an original mind" – Kitty repeated the words over & over again to herself in secret. She used them now to spur herself on to read her ~~sixty pages~~. before ration of Stubbs. And for some time she applied herself to her task, reading page after page by the light of one candle. And then her mind wandered – Just as her cousin Edward, over the way, had felt his mind wander, when he read the Antigone, so hers wandered; for though she had certainly not

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tired herself by reading hard for eight hours a day, she had tired herself almost equally by showing Mrs Fripp the sights, by pouring out tea, by sitting ~~up~~ between old Chubby Andrews & Mr Lathom at dinner. Only her tiredness showed itself ~~rather~~ in the annoying way in which scraps of talk, ~~what she had said, he had~~ said, came back to her; & then they began ~~wondering what Mrs Fripp had thought,~~ what little scenes. She could not fix her mind on Stubbs — her original mind.

So she would have to go to Miss Craddock tomorrow with the usual essay. "I'm so sorry Miss Craddock: I've not had time..." But somehow she felt that the little plain old woman ~~was~~ understood — she was a Yorkshire woman too. She came from the country of wide moors & great distances that Kitty loved from the depths of her heart. Her father had been a doctor in a village ~~near~~ near Settle. And sometimes, after the lesson, Miss Craddock would invite Kitty to stay to tea, & they would talk about Yorkshire & how years ago when Miss C— was young she had ~~to~~ driven with her father for miles & miles over these moors. ~~She had~~ There were so many of them at home that her mother was glad to be rid of one of them. She had wandered all over the moors before she went to [illegible] school. She had gone to classes at Queens College London — & then Miss Beale had asked her to teach at Cheltenham. & ~~she had written~~ a little book on the Angevin Kings: & she made Kitty feel that ~~the passion~~ she loved learning — any scrap of knowledge — as she loved the Yorkshire moors, with their heather roots & ~~their~~ the little flowers that sprung there — she would have a saucer, of these little flowers on her mantelpiece, sometimes; & it was wonderful how long they lasted if you kept wet moss at their roots.

Kitty tired
her eyes
She hated
Oxford.

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that learning was a wonderful thing: or was it that Miss
Craddock was a wonderful woman: or was it both
together? For a week or so, Kitty ~~herself~~ had ~~dreamt~~
cherished a dream of becoming a learned woman, an
historian herself. But then she remembered her
father's irony — ~~how no woman~~ about having
about ~~the~~ 'sharing the inability of your sex to
grasp historical truth' & the ambition which was not
of undue strength had faded away. [She ~~knew~~ guessed
~~quite well~~ that Lucy Craddock was not learned
at all in her father's sense of the word. He had
dismissed Miss Craddock's little book on the Angevin
Kings with a kindly smile. ~~She was a very~~ saying that
She was a very worthy woman ~~he had said~~ & ~~but~~ & ~~had~~
~~deserved~~ had worked very hard. But the book on the
Angevin Kings was ~~quite~~ quite unreadable — Kitty
herself felt that. When Miss Craddock wrote, she
was as dull as ditchwater. But then she ~~was~~ worshipped
~~always so~~ giving Mr Freeman ~~Bishop Stubbs~~: ~~she was~~
~~always~~ Mr Freeman was her god.] And she
remembered her mother's little rather comic sniff of impatience
when Miss Craddock came to the Lodge.
"Oh these learned women!" she had said.
Dr Mr. Malone was ~~one of the opponents~~ of the
not at all in favour of the women's colleges that were
just coming into existence.
And yet Kitty loved Miss Craddock & had come
indeed to tell her things that she never told anyone
else — how she hated Oxford for instance. The
climate was certainly relaxing. Miss Craddock
agreed.

"But it isn't only the climate, Miss Craddock"
Kitty ~~went on~~. began.
Miss Craddock checked her. She had some
scruple about receiving confidences from her pupils —
that was not what Dr Malone paid her for, she
felt. And she felt, having ~~had~~ experience in
such matters, that Kitty loved her, as ~~so~~ many
girls love older women who teach them, &

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that this emotion, touching as it was, especially to a woman
without husband or children, was apt to lead a girl
to ~~confide~~ ~~confide~~, say things about her parents that she
ought not to say; & altogether to indulge in what Miss
Beale called "unhealthy attachments". So she
observed drily that ~~Kitty had better had made~~ another
~~go~~ the state of the Oxford climate had nothing to do
with the Angevin Kings: upon which Kitty
blushed & felt newly rebuked. Only, when she
was buttoning up her macintosh to go. — ~~[illegible]~~
the summer of 1880 was very wet — ~~she did~~
Miss Craddock repented for a moment of her severity —
drew the girl's attention to a saucer full of ~~small~~
sprigs of red heather ~~yellow flowers~~ on the mantelpiece.

"My sister ~~sent them~~ picked it ~~them~~ on the moors" she
said. And then Kitty's ~~had~~ ~~in~~ face had
changed completely. And she had ~~touched the little~~
yellow looked at the heather that had been picked
by Maria Craddock on the moors above Selby as if
the whole of Oxford with its domes & towers & bells,
its professors, its Masters, its undergraduates, its tea parties &
~~se~~ balls, its picnics eights week were nothing but a
mist through which she saw ~~a~~ the purple of a
Yorkshire moor.

That was what she saw now, as she closed
Bishop Stubbs vol 3. ~~And she saw a~~
She always thought about the moors as she was
dropping off to sleep. For not only was she
descended, on her mother's side, from generations of
Yorkshire squires ~~&~~ but whenever she had had
the measles or the whooping cough as a child
she had always been sent packed ~~off to recover~~ ~~to at~~ ~~to stay~~ to Mrs Carter ~~which was~~
Carters, a farmhouse near Selby;
Mrs Carter the farmer's wife, ~~had been~~ was Mrs Rigby's old
nurse, Snap. Kitty called her 'Snap' too;
indeed she was now known as 'old Snap'. ~~But~~ And
because she was going on for eighty.

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at Carters Kitty had spent far & away the happiest days of her life. She had been allowed to run wild all over the moors — for the farm was only reached by a track — it stood alone, on the moors. And she had milked the cows & found the eggs, & seen a calf born ~~pig~~ killed & learnt how to make real bread, the kind of bread Mrs Craddock also made; & she had eaten huge meals, sitting ~~next~~ beside old Snap on a high chair ~~at~~ in the great kitchen, with the hams swinging from the rafters; & ~~the~~ she had heard the Yorkshire farmhands talking as they also ate huge meals: & once — but this was later, when she was about sixteen, ~~Georgie~~ ~~he~~ the ~~big~~ farmers son, a splendid fine man of twenty six, had rolled her over in the hay & tickled her & kissed her. That was one of her worst scrapes, as it turned out, for ~~Old Snap had~~ Carter, the father, had suddenly loomed up, leading a bull by a ring through its nose: & George had slunk off, merely at the sight of his father: & — Old Snap had given Kitty such a ~~scolding~~. had told Kitty that if ever she caught her at such games again she would tell the Misses: & then Kitty would never be allowed to come to Carters again.

had been
Snap was 40

She thought of that kiss ~~in the h~~ behind the haystack was also one of the thoughts that would come back, when she ought to have been reading Stubbs vol three. ~~Once more~~ Kitty again to night thought of that kiss. George had a farm of his own now, & was married, & had three squalling babies. And so Kitty ~~came to her usual~~ shelving Stubbs ~~with~~ after only ten pages had been despatched, out of her allowance of sixty, sank back in her pillows, & thought how, one of these days she would buy a farm herself near Carters, — she knew ~~exact~~ the very place; with some land, but not too much land. "Why should

How she had enjoyed it — Compare Tony Ashby with George Carter — the sudden insight. or Lord L. Ellis. the old Knight — them both —

NYPL

she not become a farmer? That was her dream. She would have to marry, she supposed, in order to become a farmer — & her parents wd. never let her marry a farmer.

But no force on Earth ~~she thought~~ would make her marry Nigs: & settle down, & live in Oxford — Shelley fell with a thud on the floor. And, as the bells of Oxford began ringing all over again, she blew out the candle, & lay, hearing the rain, ~~falling~~ but in her dreams it became the wind, roaring over the Yorkshire moors.

Nov 29th

NYPL

Nov 30th

Love & money are again present in the Masters Lodge,
though ~~never~~ much less ~~so~~ obviously than in
Edward Pargiters rooms, or in the Pargiters drawing
room at 58 Abercorn Terrace. The Lodge itself
owed a good deal to money that had been
given to the College by the Church before the
Reformation, & taken from the Church after the
Reformation. Then of course it the Lady Katharine
& her husband had given money to ~~endow the~~
~~but~~ ~~build~~ endow the Chapel, & these early
benefactors had been succeeded by others
in the course of the six hundred years gifts
science, who had given money for prizes, for
lectureships, for ~~boat~~ statues, for windows. for
the salary of the Master ~~himself~~, who should
preside worthily over a house of learning
to which naturally the first nobles of the land could send
their sons, & but to which the "poor
scholars" could come, ~~& enjoy~~ as they
which ~~Dene~~ ~~had come since~~ as in the middle of the thirteenth
Century ~~had provided~~ to enjoy provided lodging & teaching for ~~the~~
~~poor students~~, & ~~two~~ 'at least two meals a
day & as much meat & beer as they needed'
& brains. at a rate which suited their meagre purses
& fed their eager brains.

~~do~~ in a
~~measure~~
& live at a

Thus Dr. Malone himself would be in
receipt of a substantial income, though
one by no means in excess of the demands that
his position ~~required~~ made upon it. The scale of pay was not high.
"~~Nobody under~~ Only "a very few
privileged Professors," Mrs Humphry Ward says
"possessed as much as a thousand a year.
The average income of the new race of
married tutors was not much more ~~that. At~~
than half that ~~son~~ sum"!

Essay

NYPL

Thus, though the ~~first thought as~~ ~~Mr.~~ visitors like the
Howard Fripps, were deeply impressed must have felt the wealth, the
size, the ~~conglomerated~~ power & the importance of this
ancient city whose sights were enough to ~~use~~
require three days to see them in — & even then, as
Dr. Malone could have told them. They had only
seen a very few things in a very superficial way, —
the wives even of the Heads of houses themselves
had anxious moments over their weekly books.
There must be no ostentation of course, but also
there must be no cheeseparing. The beauty of the
old home must be preserved, ~~as it~~ ~~had always been~~ preserved & handed
~~preserved~~ & handed on as it had always been
handed on. Curtains must be cleaned, chairs mended &
the ~~roof ?~~ Carpets renewed before ~~the~~
~~bare patch was~~ certain bald patches became
~~too~~ unpleasantly visible. Then the Lodge had
~~A great repast~~ was a the centre of hospitality.
The cups of tea that Kelly poured out, & the slices of
bread & butter that the undergraduates consumed
at Oxfd Cost very little; but the the dinner that was
set before the Fripps had to ~~correspond~~ compare not
unfavourably with the dinner that would
be set before the Malones at Harvard.
Besides there were always distinguished visitors —
~~wasn't not~~ it was the Master's ~~pleas~~ duty to entertain
~~not merely~~ not only his own old pupils, now grown distinguished
men, but also to ~~entertain~~ invite ~~outside~~
guests, ~~dist~~ of equal distinction, from London
Paris, ~~Harvard~~, ~~who~~ ~~to meet~~ & to
& ~~to invite~~ to meet his more distinguished pupils to meet
them — for nothing ~~did~~ helped a young man more than
to meet men of the greater world — why, even
Oxford men themselves, living as they did in
little communities of their own, profited by
meeting the men from the outside world.

Thus Mrs. Malone was ~~speaking to~~

NYPL

less than the truth when she said that was plenty ~~to~~ for Kitty to do at home. Mrs Malone hardly only got through her day's work by being very punctual, & very methodical, & by ~~her~~ the fact ~~having been trained by~~ her mother ~~in the~~ had taught her a good deal about housekeeping before she married. Even as it was, there were constant difficulties with servants. The Lodge was badly planned, like so many beautiful old houses, for modern life. The servants quarters were decidedly dark. They had a great many stairs to ~~do~~ climb, a great many rods to polish, & great many cans to carry. Mrs Malone was on the whole what is called 'lucky' in her maids — that is to say, she knew enough about housework to know what is possible & what impossible; she could teach a girl the right way of doing almost every household ~~all~~ duty; & then, though the wages were extremely small in those days — not enough to allow of many outings or pleasures, her maids stayed with her, ~~or partly had though the~~ work was, partly because they respected her, & partly because to be trained by Mrs Walters, Stubbs, (Mrs was a courtesy title) who had & grandmother her great grandly been trained by Mrs Malone) was considered by the mothers of little Oxford servant girls an admirable start in life. Still, as Mrs Stubbs was autocratic, there would be scenes, & Mrs Malone was faced several times a year by the sight of a pale trembling girl, who gave notice, & yet could not explain when Mrs Malone asked the reason, why it was they merely stood there sobbing.

a wage of £16 was considered high for a ~~ho~~ ladies maid in 1860 —

"Ah these Oxford girls — they don't know what work is" Mrs Stubbs would say.

~~The tin~~ And another tin box was packed & another furtive, foolish, illiterate girl was

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slipped behind her box out of the Master's Lodge to find
another place elsewhere.

But Mrs Malone always appeared ~~well dressed~~,
punctual to the minute, well dressed, good tempered,
~~by~~ in her drawing room to receive her guests: &
~~for 4 years part of his~~ the Master himself, sharply
though he looked into the years expenses as a whole,
never knew that Annie Ellen or Dolly or Lizzy had given
notice; for Mrs Malone would have thought it a
crime on her part to ~~bo~~ ~~bring such matters to his~~
ears, worrying him with such matters, ~~& an~~
just as she would never have forgiven herself if
any guest had complained of the quality of the
food, of the ~~softness~~ cleanness of the linen, or of the
coldness of the shaving water. To see to the
home was as much ~~part of~~ her duty as the
Master's wife, as to be able to say the right thing to
undergraduates & to keep the peace between old
Chubby & Mr Lathom at dinner. But
undoubtedly the ~~w~~ strain was considerable, &
sometimes affected her temper. She could be
very sharp with her daughter.

Thus, although Mrs Malone ~~herself~~ herself of
course, never received a penny from the College
both honestly & directly — she dressed ~~on the~~ money
Kitty on ~~a~~ the small income which she had
inherited from her father — ~~money~~ ~~ran~~
the Lodge was based on ~~money~~ ~~as those~~
~~a~~ running subterraneously, out of sight.
Love was also present though, that ~~too~~ ~~was~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ 2
suffered ~~so~~ many infections, her first
was concealed under many disguises ~~famine~~
& the analyst would naturally supposed that
Kitty; since it is commonly
love is strongest in the young, ~~a she was not~~ ~~had~~
~~only~~ ~~yet~~ ~~twenty two, had none~~
felt a very different kind of emotion

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from that which Edward, who was her contemporary ~~was feeling~~. felt for her. It was not merely ~~that he did not attract her, physically~~; that the portrait of Edward suggested only a rather piggish youth, with eyes set too near together, who would settle down in Oxford ~~for ever~~; but ~~Kitty~~ she ~~lived~~ was so much ~~restricted~~, restrained, ~~in~~ by the conventions of the society in which she lived, ~~in every~~ that ~~the~~ her response, even if Edward had attracted her physically & ideally as she attracted him, would have been instantly checked ~~in~~ by the knowledge ~~which would~~ that she must conceal it. From her earliest childhood, ever since she was allowed to come down into the drawing room in a starched white frock, she had been taught ~~that~~ ~~a girl must on no account~~ a very strict moral code, which in childhood prevented her from kicking up her legs in the presence of the other sex, &, as she grew older, prevented her from being alone in the room with them, from standing at an open window in her night gown, from ~~making any~~ saying anything or doing anything which could suggest even remotely that she felt physically or ideally attracted by them: so that when, at the age of sixteen, George Carter had kissed her ~~in~~ behind the haystack, she had

the pleasure was great but

~~the knowledge that she was committing~~ she knew that she was committing an appalling crime; & when, at the age of twenty, Alan Hammond had proposed to her, & Lord Lammermuir had admired her, she felt ~~& a~~ much less, physically, than they did — for her the physical ~~sensations had b~~ side of love had been so repressed not only in her, but in her mothers, & grandmothers, that

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it was much weaker, even in a girl of perfect physique like Kitty, than in a young man like Tony Ashton who was physically less perhaps ~~far~~ weaker, but sexually much far better developed, since no restrictions had been placed either on him or on his father's or grandfathers that were comparable in severity with those that had surrounded Kitty almost since her birth. How far ~~this diffe~~ the passion of the man is naturally stronger than the passion of the woman it is extremely difficult to say: & good judges ~~will be found to~~ differ. Montaigne for example held that the passion of a woman was by nature the stronger Else and than that of a man: but ~~had~~ was repressed, very painfully, by the rigours of any given education: on the other hand, if Locksley Hall can be taken to represents Tennyson his own opinion, held that womens passions were ~~weaker~~ intrinsically weaker than those of his own sex. But then as Montaigne wrote about 1400 & Tennyson about 1880, ~~that~~ the ~~rigorous~~ young convention which Montaigne had noted had been in force for almost five hundred years – almost as long as the Oxford colleges had been in existence: & ~~x~~ Kitty, who ~~was~~ was 21 in 1880, ~~was bound to inherit the~~ therefore inherited ~~a~~ the effects of an education which, if we attribute any importance to education, was ~~a very~~ bound to not merely to teach her a certain code of behaviour, but also, ~~so~~ to modify the passion itself.

1880
1400
480

& may have produced its effect.

That it survived even so, ~~is a proof~~ as strongly as it did – & Kitty undoubtedly felt very considerable emotion when she was kissed by George Carter – seems to corroborate Montaigne's opinion, rather than Lord Tennyson's. But Tennyson was

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was certainly right ~~when he~~ in his judgment of the young women of his own time. The student of Mid-Victorian poetry ~~verse~~ & fiction can hardly deny that the young girl ~~who~~ is there described has hardly any passion left. Either ~~she~~ it has been extinguished by the process of education, or, as happened with Kitty, passion still existed, but was so much restricted, both ~~either~~ because, as Delia Pargiter had observed, the economic position of women did not admit of their bearing illegitimate children, or because ~~society disapproved~~ the common opinion disapproved, ~~of~~ that it was a furtive ill grown, ~~to~~ secret, subterranean vice, to be concealed in shame, until by some fortunate chance, a man gave ~~he~~ the girl a chance, by putting a wedding ring on her finger, to canalise all her passion. for the rest of their married lives. solely upon him. The chance of marriage, was moreover, precarious. ~~& t~~ for as Lady Lovelace ~~points~~ has pointed out, there was in the eighties & a "shortage of the unattached male. ~~so~~ It was already felt (but to a less degree in Jane Austen's day, for she constantly bears witness to the value set upon a sufficiency of "beaux". This shortage is the price that we pay for our splendid Empire, & the price is paid mainly by women" But the price of the Empire ~~was paid~~ fell much more heavily upon some ~~classes of~~ women than upon others.

Kitty in common with ~~&~~ many girls ~~of her class, whose~~ of whose fathers were ~~w~~ of good social standing, ~~an~~ would receive five or six

~~&~~

NYPL

proposals before they married. Others, though perhaps prettier, & ~~equally~~ perhaps better educated & of higher intellectual standing, like Delia Pargiter, would receive not a single proposal in the course of their lives. And their contribution to the British Empire was ~~therefore~~ a very high one.

Since sexual intercourse was ~~therefore forbidden~~, ~~unspeakable~~ in their class impossible

But Kitty either because she was assured of much more than her share of proposals of marriage, or because she cherished a secret passion for becoming a farmer, which ~~unfairly~~ ~~led her to underrate perhaps~~ ~~the~~ cast ~~a sombre~~ ~~a shadow over the~~ led her to underrate ~~perhaps~~ the advantages of Oxford, ~~had very little~~ was at present very little concerned with the other sex. Her emotions were roused rather by Miss Craddock than by Lord Lammermuir. ~~Had she been~~ ~~She~~ Had she been to school, no doubt this feeling would have shown itself, long before, in ~~those school girl~~ friendships ~~which~~ with girls of her own age. But when her parents enquired into conditions at Cheltenham & discovered that a music teacher "gave a lesson to four ~~pu~~ pupils at once, the same piece being performed simultaneously on the treble & bass of two pianos" ~~for~~ because the Ladies College was so poor, & the expense of providing the requisite number of teachers & pianos for so many pupils was so heavy they concluded that Kitty could be taught better at home. ~~so that~~ Kitty most had never mixed with girls of her own age in any number. She ~~had~~ knew the daughters of her parents' friends at Oxford of course; but save for ~~the~~ ~~Julia~~ Dorothy Hughes, the daughter of the Professor of Mathematics, she ~~the~~ had a rather superficial acquaintance with these girls; since

make rough of

B/111

NYPL

their meetings were purely social, & they were unable to
come to grips in the arguments & rivalries &
intimacies of school life.

The love she offered Lucy Craddock was thus
singularly unimpaired. & yet since Miss Craddock
was over fifty, & very plain, since Kitty undoubtedly
mixed up with her love for Miss Craddock many
other loves — she did not see the Miss Craddock
whom her father & mother saw — the worthy
plain industrious old maid; ~~who~~ she saw a
woman who had fought her way, as Kitty would
like to fight her way, through obstacles; who had
read her book while she walked in the gig ~~&~~
~~he~~ who had mastered mathematics while she
baked the bread; who had gone short of firing &
clothing & food ~~for~~ in order to attend classes at
Queens College: who had at last after years of
labour, ~~won~~ ~~fairly~~ written a little book
that Dr Malone tossed aside ~~with a. [illegible] on~~
~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ indeed it was very dull — & & had fairly
had ~~won fairly~~ gained the right to live in a bed
sitting room, in an Oxford lodging —
with a saucer of heather on the mantelpiece —
that was the woman that Kitty saw; & in her
eyes, ~~the~~ ~~figure of the history teacher was~~
~~not beautiful, but~~ not
Miss Craddock was, beautiful — no: but Kitty counted the days
between one lesson & another: she treasured
every word of praise that Miss Craddock gave her; she
invested all Miss Craddocks ~~relations~~ note she
relations with glamour; kept every
had from her; & left a pot of white azaleas
at her lodgings once when she was ill. This
idealisation of the woman teacher was by no
means uncommon in the eighties: ~~the~~
~~Mrs H Ward lady learnt, she says~~ Even
Mrs H Ward says that what she learnt at school —
— between 1858 & 1867 — was nothing worthless.
" As far as intellectual

something that was ~~not~~ ~~even~~
could scarcely be
compared with
Edwards love
for her — or
~~head for~~
Alan's or

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But she adds "what I learnt during those years was learnt from personalities . . .

& she continues, to pay a tribute to the woman teacher of later days, ~~who~~ the women who teach women, as Miss C. taught Kitty – for she says they are "women, with whom . . .

But Kitty therefore, when she fell in love with Miss Craddock was ~~to some extent~~ falling in love with something which seemed to her wonderful, new, exciting – the disinterested passion for things in themselves – so that, however much she scamped her history, she knew that history to Miss Craddock was a thing to starve for, to sacrifice for: to drudge after: to love for itself: so that she could never pass the commonplace red brick villa in which Miss Craddock had lived in after years without feeling her heart quicken, though Miss Craddock was dead. – her poor little book on the Angevin Kings deservedly forgotten.

Miss Craddock love for Kitty was of course influenced by the fact that she considered it her duty to impress it, in Kitty's own interests, & in the interests of the that learning which she was paid five shillings an hour by Dr. Malone to impart. But when the lesson was over, & Kitty stood up fastening her mackintosh if it were wet, or putting on her little flowered hat if it were fine Miss Craddock could not ~~hel~~ help feeling stirred by the sight of ~~the~~ youth & health. & to her, though Kitty was commonly thought to be too tall, & ~~to have~~ not pretty, because of her red hair & her ~~broad~~ big cheekbones – though it was

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the in

was commonly allowed that her complexion was perfect — to Miss Craddock Kitty was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. When Kitty stroked the heather with her finger, the tears came to Miss Craddock's eyes. She repressed them instantly; but for a moment she felt, — for her feeling was so much mixed with foreign elements — "What can I teach her?" For a moment, a shadow crossed ~~the history of~~ Stubbs's homily. What was 'history' after all? What did it matter if Kitty never 'knew' it, when — & here Miss Craddock was undoubtedly influenced by some long suppressed, almost extinct, sexual instinct — "when she knows, because she is young & beautiful & has learnt, from her childhood, how to walk through the streets of Oxford without attracting attention, & to pour out tea in her ~~mot~~ father's house, more about life & its difficulties than I, who always ~~was~~ a plain little brat with my nose buried in a book ~~or~~ ever guessed, or could ever hopefully know learnt? It is for Kitty to teach me," Miss Craddock felt for a second, as ~~she~~ also picked up her books; — by which she meant that she knew quite well how very difficult it was for a girl like Kitty who "had to help mama", to read her twenty pages of Froude every day: ~~& also~~ with attention; how impossible it was to go straight from entertaining distinguished guests to an impersonal survey of the constitutional law of England; & how impossible therefore it was even with an original mind — that she had — & a love of history — that she had too — for Kitty ever to reach even half the standard of historical learning which the young men at College seemed to reach without any difficulty at at all. But then, Miss Craddock thought, as she put away the books, & shook hands with her pupil, "You know a great many

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things that those clever young men will never know",
in which remark, curious as it was in the little mind of
one to whom the mere sight of Mr. Froude or
Mr. Freeman ~~or~~ Bishop Stubbs ~~was~~ as they
sauntered down the High roused feelings ~~the~~
like ~~that which~~ ~~those which~~ comparable with those
that devout believers cherish for the persons of their
saints — may be found the influence of love again.
Kitty was so considerate; ~~so~~ to Miss Craddock: she
was so sorry for to be late; so kind in bringing her a
flower when she was ill; & Miss Craddock had not
drunk tea at the Lodge without observing,
even while she trembled to think how foolish ~~Dr~~
Malone thought her, how ~~severely~~ ~~critically~~ dreadfully Mr.
Malone thought her clothes, that Kitty ~~was~~
bore herself to both parents & to their friends with a

Caverale

~~ass~~ which seemed her ~~unselfish~~ completely ~~disregard of her own~~
~~wishes, her own~~ she had learnt to subdue her

an unreflectiveness

own wishes, to ~~carry out~~ but hardly at their
service ~~which argued~~ ~~implied a very severe~~ so that to
~~education; although not in the~~
call Kitty "uneducated" was, in Miss
Craddocks view, a most curious misuse of terms.
She had discouraged Kitty's confidence, but she guessed
that Kitty hated Oxford: she ~~almost guessed~~ that she
loved Yorkshire: yet here she was, in her lonely
lawns & lakes — Miss Craddock had almost a
male ignorance of what a dress was really
made of — smiling, silent, attentive, pouring out
tea.

It was partly this difference ~~of in the~~ education ~~sh~~
~~systems that were then in~~ that ~~was~~ ~~they thought~~

that each received

that led Kitty ~~to think~~ perhaps with undue
harshness of the undergraduates. Why were they so
awkward, so silent, so unlike? she asked herself.
Why must one talk to the rowing man about rowing,

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& to the reading men about reading? Why could they never talk about things that interested her? That was true: But the truth

Never alas his ~~was of~~ course, that she could not talk about the things that interested them. Her little stock of book learning ~~so~~ was soon exhausted with the reading men; & though she ~~could~~ knew the right questions to ask about the college eight, sport bored her, as it tends to bore people who have never played a game themselves; & the knowledge which can be picked up by 'looking on' at games is so superficial that it seldom deceives ~~an~~ an ~~athletic~~ young man who spends a great part of his life in active the ~~pursuit~~ of it. Thus there were silences; &, while she did her best to cover ~~cover~~ those silences, as her mother did, Kitty ~~found~~ secretly ~~condemned the~~ considered that young men were so much less developed than she was, that she could only feel at ease with men who were old enough to be her father. She made an exception however of Tony Ashton. ~~She could talk to him about~~ With him she could talk quite easily. Indeed, sometimes the usual position was reversed. She found him, actually, taking an interest in her. ~~Yet she at once suspected his interest.~~ ~~Why did~~ he ask her ~~questions about her~~ if she had enjoyed her tea; & then, as if he read her thoughts, whether she had not admired Mr Fripp; & then whether she would not like to go to America? Such ~~interest~~ sympathy with her, from an undergraduate, was so unusual that Kitty was at first inclined to confide in this strange young man who did not seem to belong to any of the usual classes. And then she was repelled. What was queer about him? Why was he 'snaky'?? Why did she ~~feel~~ like ~~Edward better~~? ~~Lord~~ ~~Lasswade~~ Edward better, & Lord Lasswade better, & — to carry the truth wholly through — Alan Hammond better, & — George, the farm hand, best of all? had never loved a soul — George, the farm hand, best of all?

~~That~~ Such subtleties of liking & disliking played a very large part in Kitty's secret life, ~~seemed~~ to ~~show that~~ & ~~seemed to~~ ~~though she~~ was ~~neither~~ ~~simple~~ however ignorant she was of the literature,

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She had stood in front of looking glasses for hours being fitted, being turned this way & that under the scrutiny of trained eye

& philosophy, & Greek & Latin, & mathematics & history. For, severely trained as she was from early childhood in ~~the~~ not to observe the rules of conduct, ~~she~~ ~~her sense~~ of & early impressed, by nurses, governesses, & parents & Aunts & friends with the qualities of her body — she knew her 'points' by heart — she was ~~far more~~ naturally ~~so~~ she was inevitably highly ~~always~~ sensitive ~~in a high degree~~ to the impressions of her body. Her body would be signalling to her, even while she poured out tea, 'That man has red hands.' 'That man has big ears' 'That man has a horribly clumsy way with his knife & fork'; & at the same time she was receiving their impressions of her body. Thus, after a dance, she could have given with extraordinary accuracy a full account of what each of her partners had felt for her. Long before Alan Hammond proposed to her she knew, from the way he took his tea cup from her, that he was about to fall in love with her. She was ~~in no doubt~~ knew without being told that Edward ~~looked at~~ cherished an old absurd photograph of her; in which, hardly a second, resembling the Lady Katharine. Knowledge of this kind, which poured in upon her all day long without her seeking it or valuing it. ~~As~~ Now therefore when she encountered Tony Ashton's eyes — his ~~heavy~~ steady seeking intelligent eyes — she knew that he did not look at her as other men did; & the knowledge led her to a curious ~~divi~~ division of feeling. It was agreeable to her to be looked at dispassionately: she was at her ease. At the same time there was a coldness in his glance which led her to call him 'snaky' — meaning by that ~~that~~ ~~in the first place that she resented his malice~~ that they were ~~so~~ to her body & her body had so little natural attraction for each other that they ~~were~~ the mind singularly at ease; & yet — some element was so lacking that talking to Tony, in spite of her sympathy, ~~was~~ & left her cold. She would never be intimate with him — never wholly at her ease: she would never love truly, as she had loved truly with the farmer's son. never feel the flow ~~rise up in her that sudden~~? element & power that she had felt then

And Ld L. was physically attracted as had at the same time to consider the value of his points

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human relationships

this knowledge, because it was largely traditional, & had been acquired, unconsciously, from childhood upwards, had become to Kitty ~~very much as instinctive~~ a great deal more instinctive & probably more ~~[illegible]~~ complete than Edward Pargiter's knowledge of Greek. She ~~could was aware of a~~ without being ~~pr~~ specially ~~introspective~~ subtle She ~~was aware of a whole could~~ was aware of a variety & complexity of ~~feelings~~ which he ~~ignored~~ was ignorant just as, when Edward took up the Antigone he was ~~able~~ to ~~read it with a precision & [illegible] at which~~ ~~Kitty~~ con to ~~read into that~~ the Greek conveyed to him a thousand meanings, ~~accurately &~~ & suggestions which Kitty, who could only read Greek in translations, ~~would~~ missed completely. ~~But Kitty~~

~~had~~ But Miss Craddock had been right when she said once after reading a paper of Kitty's on the character of Henry the Eighth that Kitty had 'such an original mind!' What she meant was that having for once in a way taken time with her ~~exercise~~ trouble, Kitty had ~~for once~~ expressed, in very awkward English this time, her own opinion of Henry, & not merely repeated, as girls mostly did, what she ~~thought~~ had read in Froude or what she thought would please Miss Craddock merely. Naturally, it was not an opinion of any value. But now & again Kitty used the same ~~faculty~~ gift in ~~daily life~~ to interpret for herself the swarm of impressions which her body was always ~~taking & re~~ giving & receiving in daily life. It was thus that she had come to the conclusion that for her at any rate the life of a farmer was infinitely ~~better~~. preferable to the life of a don's wife at Oxford. She felt, as Miss Craddock had guessed, that talking to undergraduates about their

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interests & pursuits was not so amazing — her analysis
was carried out ~~with~~ in the simplest terms — as
6~~5~~ in 1880 living in the country & ~~looking after animals.~~
63 running a farm for money. In coming to this decision she
1827 was helped partly by what is called "an original"
21 mind — that is, she had by nature — she was, that is, a feminist — certain convictions —
1848 & ~~occasionally~~; & she was further ~~be~~ helped to
express them by the fact that her mother was
an extremely competent housekeeper, so that Kitty
had no regular house work to perform; & ~~could~~
so could enjoy, not entire liberty of time or of thinking of expression —
but ~~some~~ more leisure than her mother had had; & She concealed most of her desires & opinions —
& was perpetually interrupted, even in her
furlough — but still in the summer of 1880
Kitty Malone enjoyed a freedom from household
work, & a freedom of opinion which were
unknown to her mother at the age of
twenty one — in the year 1848. ~~For~~ Mrs. Malone
had been born in the year 1827: her education
upbringing, in the heart of Yorkshire had
been primitive in the extreme. When she married,
in 1850, she was an ~~adm~~ expert housekeeper —
she knew how to bake & brew, & but little else;
& indeed one of her ~~great~~ ~~the~~ her chief reasons
for marrying the shy Oxford youth, Paul Malone,
who ~~was reading~~ spent one summer reading
~~had~~ ~~for~~ with her uncle the clergyman at
Malham, was that if she married him, & became
the wife of a ~~school~~ learned man, she might
leave her native Yorkshire ~~where~~ with its
long winters, its ~~perpetual~~ solitude, its perpetual
talk of hunting & sport & kine — as they had lived
among cultivated people; & men. in London; in Oxford: where the opportunities
for seeing people, & hearing music, & ~~going~~
were so wonderful: & the ~~problem~~ of
running a house was, a thousand times, less
arduous than in a Yorkshire village, where

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as might be snowed up for weeks at a time.

Kitty thus had much more spare time than her mother at her age; many more opportunities of seeing different cultivated people; & instead therefore of accepting inexplicably, as Mrs. Malone had done & still did, the absolute rightness of Dr. Malone's occupations, the ~~necessity of~~ absolute necessity of her own, the undeniable though naturally unquestionable greatness of ~~Professor~~ Dr. Chuffy Andrews & Professor Lathom — Mrs. Malone never read their books, but she ~~h~~ had them all, with inscriptions from the authors under glass in the drawing room — Kitty sometimes asked heady questions.

"Tuesday again! she would sigh, waking to the cheep of sparrows in the garden on that particular day. "That means I've got to sit in the drawing room from four till 7 pouring out tea. And why should I? — when I want to go off for a walk by myself in the country. And why can't I walk by myself in the country? And why mayn't I stand at the window in my nightgown? And why mayn't I play football if I want to? And why must I sit next old Chuffy at dinner?" Chuffy's habit of spilling soup into his beard was extremely disgusting. She disliked his grunts & gobblings also. Once she had had what she called a shot at Chuffy's book & they had bored her horribly. And why had she to keep the peace between him & Professor Lathom? Why couldn't they settle their silly quarrels — they're as vain as two peacocks she used to think — It's like feeding two quarrelsome, dilapidated mouldy old birds, keeping the peace between these shaggy longeared old fogies — to her they seemed incredibly old — a

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about some ridiculous row they once had about a book or an appointment — she could not remember which it was — centuries before I was born. However, there was nothing worse. One had to set a cushion between them. And then they gave one Sesame & Lilies. Professor Lathom did, at least: ~~old Chuffy~~ she preferred old Chuffy because he was at least downright rude & told her not to talk nonsense when she made some silly remark ~~about~~ — off her own bat, heaven knows what possessed her — about ~~King~~ Henry the Eighth. Such thoughts had never occurred to Mrs ~~L~~ Malone: whose heart swelled with pride when she could introduce the Howard Fripps not only to the Chubby himself, but to Professor Lathom, who never dined out, & finally to Sir Hugh Charters who was Secretary of State for — whatever it was: ~~that part~~ knowledge of that particular kind she left to her husband.

Such questions however, did occur to Kitty; & undoubtedly had their share in making her conclude that she, at least, ~~preferred~~ intended to be a farmer. And then she went on, prompted too by her sentimental idealisation of Miss Craddock. to ask why, Miss Craddock was so poor? Why didn't they give her a professorship or something? — a fellowship anyhow. Five hundred a year would make all the difference in the world to Miss Craddock: then she could spend her entire life grubbing in the Bodleian, which was what Miss Craddock liked, though the taste seemed to Kitty a strange one. Of course, that was impossible because Miss Craddock was a woman; & Miss Craddock had said once that it would be years & years before women were allowed to take degrees "— if indeed it happens in my life time —" she ~~said~~ had added. Kitty hardly

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had not the least wish for a degree; her facilities for ~~reading~~
grubbing in the Bodleian were already beyond her
powers of use; but still, Kitty would ask herself, as
the undergraduates stumbled in & out, & the Professors &
the Dons & the masters drank their port & smoked
their cigars & capped their old stories, & ~~sing~~
fingered the lovely college silver, under the
old portraits of dead masters, & ~~sa~~
spoke with reverence of the great men who had been
at Katharine's & of Katharine herself, who had
endowed the Chapel — why on earth Kitty
asked herself of these old buffers have had such a
good time at College & are always buttering
each other up & saying how important learning is;
& history & mathematics & philosophy — why
don't they give Lucy Craddock whatever it is
that Lucy Craddock wants?

For her own part, Kitty would willingly have
bestowed the Lodge, the ~~Co~~ Chapel, the College & the
belongings of Katharine's solely upon Lucy Craddock &
her friends, the ugly spectacled learned women — if they wanted them.
of course the learned women were very ugly;
but then they were very poor. She would like to
feed Chubby for a term on Lucy's rations & see
what he said then about Henry the Eighth.
As for Professor Lathom, with his Greek
tie pin ~~ring~~ & his Cameo on his little finger, & his
smooth voice, & his dreamy eyes — she thought
he would know a great deal more about Greek art —
only perhaps of a Latin art than he knew
more about than anybody in the whole world —
more about than anybody else scrubbing at his
~~she would like to see him~~ Lucy Craddock did.
bed sitting room as Lucy Craddock did.
And then the old humbugs wore, floating into
chapel ~~College~~ behind a mace & a verger & all the rest of it

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to celebrate some body or other — perhaps the Lady Katharine whose money they had ~~taken~~ spent: — ~~& then they moved~~ Dine looking for all the world like a flight of rooks; & then there would be the ~~great~~ College Gaudy dinner; & they would eat such vast masses of food, that though Kitty as her fathers daughter had the privilege of ~~of~~ watching them as they dined, from a little gallery in the hall, she ~~ate~~ felt that to see Chubby eat his ordinary meal was enough for her: to see Chubby ~~eat~~ & all the other old gentlemen eat what they ate on great occasions would be more than she could bear. So she sat in the garden with her mother; & wound the silk for her mother's embroidery; & listened to the Grace, which floated nasal down to them through the trees: & then to the murmur of speech making; & then to the cheers: & then when her mother, gathering her things together, said it was getting chilly, ~~made~~ noticed that it had been a great success. Kitty, stooping to pick up rugs & fold up chairs, asked herself,

"Why do men enjoy such things?"

But the question was not spoken aloud. She had no freedom of expression.

"~~Run along~~ Now go to bed Kitty" Mrs. Malone said when they ~~got~~ got into the drawing room. "Its ~~been a long day~~. You look tired, my dear" ~~said~~ said Mrs. Malone, when they ~~go~~ got into the lamp light in the drawing room. ~~Run along~~ Go to bed. Its been a long day".

But you, mama. Arent you coming?" asked Kitty.

No I shall wait ~~up~~ ~~to see~~ for Papa" said Mrs. Malone.

"But you've been on your feet all day. mama"

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said Kitty, noticing as her mother sank into a chair that she looked suddenly very old & tired, ~~in spite~~ though ~~of her beautiful white~~ hair was as beautifully curled & waved as ever. "~~Arent you tired?~~"

Surely ~~Leave~~ Papa & Sir Hugh ~~to~~ can go bed by themselves." But Mrs Malone ~~Nanny dear Papa will we like~~ only smiled & adjusted her eye glasses.

(at the muddle) her daughter

"Papa will ~~like~~ want to tell me all about it when he comes in" she remarked.

"But Papa will be very angry if you're tired tomorrow" But Papa will be very angry if you're tired tomorrow said Kitty, "And theres the luncheon party - remember"

"I shall not be tired tomorrow" said Mrs Malone, looking up at her daughter. She had her duties as a wife. She had her duties as the wife of the Master

as much as to say. "You too when you are a married woman will do (so)" "No well you one well know all about this too when you're married"

And so. Since argument was useless Mama frequently she had sat up always would sit up until Papa came in — Kitty left her; — ~~to teach argue with mama~~ However original Kittys mind might be, she had the sense to know that to argue with Mama was quite useless.

But the feeling between mother & daughter was about many so strong motherhood that they seldom troubled to express it in words

Indeed though Kitty had a sufficiently original mind & began such to ask questions, of herself, ~~in a~~ (thus the difficulty of reporting ~~slang which the~~ intelligently the questions that people ask themselves ~~will always~~ may well lead the reporter to use an ~~colloquial slang which~~ & affected ~~of language~~ use of slang —) she was by no means free to express them.

She concealed all her opinions about ~~these~~ old ~~buffers & standing~~ standing at windows in nightgowns, Tuesday at Homes; Chuffer head, old peacocks, dull as ditchwater, Sesame. Lilies, &c &c. from her parents; & indeed from everybody in the whole world, except the solitary exception of Alice Hughes the

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who was determined to become a doctor,

daughter of the Professor of Mathematics. To her she would let fly sometimes: but Alice, a ~~hate an pale girl~~ with a vehemence passion for learning, would counter ~~her arguments by her own determ~~ ~~was always~~ who was reading: she wanted to be a doctor: ~~Alice~~ : but ~~To Alice she might sometimes let fly~~; but there was nobody else to whom she could express her opinions, & as Alice had now gone to live in London, Kitty's opinions circulated ~~rather wildly~~ in the privacy of her own mind; & ~~no doubt led her~~ to took on from that concealment ~~an' exaggeration~~, an ~~exaggeration which~~ a certain degree of exaggeration. ~~It was~~ Many people would have felt it a great honour to sit between Dr. Andrews & Professor Lathom; & to discuss their works, which were even then of great repute & are now collected in those many volumes which make part of all respectable libraries, as Kitty dismissed them, was ~~[illegible]~~ frivolous in the extreme. To have sat between them at dinner & been given to allowed to offer remarks of one's own, ~~w~~ would have been felt by many people a very great honour. It is true that Kitty's own remarks were not taken very seriously; but then, ~~Professor~~ Dr. Andrews probably found himself much in the same predicament that Mark Pattison found himself in when he sat next young ladies in the eighties. He felt, Mr Tollemache says, that 'in arguing with women (always excepting the very best), it is hard for men to maintain the same ~~per~~ perfect frankness, or rather directness, which they maintain in arguing with each other." He also felt that "when I, an old man of seventy, am talking on intellectual subjects to a young girl of seventeen, she & I are on quite different planes of thought." Therefore he would either flatter her:— 'I always agree' or, if she persisted in talking nonsense "he

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Toll:

21 "he ~~would~~ embarrassed her by the blunt remark "Your conversational utterances are feeble"! Who can blame him? after all, the difference in learning was immeasurable; & besides, there lay between them, among other obstacles, ~~Ba~~ Mark Pattison's belief that "in aging with . . . . . .

The difficulty was further increased by the opinion which was certainly Mark Pattison's, & was probably ours many other learned men of his time: "Pattison" to [illegible] . as an "Stood in the dread need of that"

17. And he went on to define the art of pleasing: " ~~as the~~ "The art of pleasing ... consists in entire self abasement".

When Kitty made her unfortunate remark about H. the lights, she was not really consoled, or interested, by feeling Dr. Andrews' hand upon her knee. Thus the social intercourse between learned men & girls with crisp minds in the 50s was full of difficulties & misconceptions on both sides. ~~Mr~~ ~~Ea~~ Kitty could scarcely be expected to understand why "the vain old peacocks" needed so much sympathy: what did their silly old quarrels about a book or an appointment matter to her? What she saw was simply an ugly ill mannered man who pinched her knees —

Spilt ~~Dripped~~ the soup into his beard.

~~Underneath of~~

The ~~imperiously~~ intellectual imperiousness —

Dr. Andrews was justifiably annoyed; & subconsciously perhaps hardened in his determination ~~not to allow~~ to oppose the admission of women to the University. It would be no exaggeration to say that Dr. Andrews

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like Pattison 'had rather strong views as to the intellectual inferiority of the average woman to the average man'. When ~~Dr. Andrews~~ the door shut upon Kitty & her mother, & Dr. Andrews was free to speak with perfect frankness & directness to his own sex his views upon women, & ~~their destructive influence upon learning, were~~ charms, & the absolute necessity of keeping them out of the University at all costs, were by no means concealed. But ~~as the~~ as women, in 1880, always left the men to smoke & drink for at least half an hour after dinner, these views ~~could~~ did not reach Kitty or her mother in the very expressive language which Dr. Andrews ~~was th~~ ~~made~~ used of in their absence. Perhaps if Kitty had been admitted to those sittings when the men ~~tr~~ talked frankly she would have revised her opinion that learned men are the "dullest old bores in creation". As it was why Mrs Craddock envied her the privilege of sitting next ~~distinguished men~~ she could not imagine.

She could not imagine

But though ~~Dr. A~~ the low estimate in which Dr. Andrews & Professor Latham held the intellectual powers of her sex did not reach Kitty directly in the vivid & racy language which they used over the port & cigars, she would need to have been a great deal simpler & more insensitive than she was not to perceive it. The emphasis that was laid upon her personal charms, the demands that were made upon her sympathy, ~~all~~ served, daily & hourly ~~hourly~~ to remind her that intellectually she, & all other women, had no claims whatever upon the attention of men. ~~It was merely as a~~ She had seen for herself often enough that if a woman was ugly, poor, badly dressed, ~~the h-~~ like Lucy Craddock,

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she had no value for men whatsoever. Poor Lucy's little book on the Angevin Kings was treated as the scribbling of an industrious child ~~might have been~~. It was true that George Eliot had been seen walking in the grounds of Balliol on the arm of Dr. Jowett. But George Eliot was after all, only a novelist. Chuffy himself might have conceded that women had a certain faculty for the very inferior art of making pretty little pictures of daily life. After a hard days work, no man was to be blamed for relaxing over a novel: Jane Austen was ~~a~~ really gifted ~~as a painter of the~~ in that very ladylike occupation. But when it came to history! to mathematics! to philosophy! to anything that required real intellect & real knowledge, women were, ~~&~~ (these notes of ~~an~~ exclamation are the feeblest indication of the scorn which could be detected, even through the dining room door when the subject of women's intellect was discussed—) women were, & ~~would always~~ had always been, & would always remain — the word that ~~Prof~~ Dr. Andrews used to sum up describe the women's intellect, is still too forcible to be committed to print.

~~Feebleness~~ what women were, are, & forever must remain, intellectually a blot

But ~~Kitty~~ without hearing that word, Kitty observed its effects. ~~Women It was common knowledge that Walter Pater~~ Women were making efforts to ~~get some~~ establish some kind of College for themselves in Oxford in 1880. Somerville & Lady Margarets were actually founded in 1879. But the contempt which these efforts roused in the ordinary Don & Undergraduate, the opposition which all ~~degree~~ requests for money to build, or for the right to attend lectures or share in the Educational advantages of men were received

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could scarcely fail to impress the mind of an intelligent girl of twenty one. Kitty herself took no part in the discussion either way. Her mother tacitly assumed that women who asked for such privileges were ~~unwomanly~~; the prospect of their ever succeeding appeared remote in the extreme, to one who lived in the heart of the ~~Oxford~~ the Lodge of an Oxford Master; & not a term passed without ~~the~~ some incident which proved to Kitty, who sat silent in her '~~lawn & l~~ ribbon laces' listening, smiling, pouring out tea, the complete negligibility ~~of~~ her sex intellectually; & the very proper way in which any attempt to assert equality with men would be chastised if any woman were so rash ~~as to desert her proper sphere~~ & make it. For example, there was that incident ~~at~~ when one of the new women's colleges aped the men's colleges & gave a "Gaudy". "It was a brilliant affair"; & almost every Oxfordian of note" whatever he may have felt secretly about women's colleges was present. Walter Pater, whose views upon women were ~~tolerably~~ too well known, one would have thought, to have led him into such company ~~were~~ was present; & for some reason ~~we~~ are given to understand on the course of the evening the Lady head of the house dropped her white kid glove in front of Pater. Pater, at least, thought that she did this on purpose. Therefore he "instead of gallantly picking it up, walked on & trod on it" . . . .
Did –

very foolish:

to accept ~~such~~ an invitation from such a source was

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~~He~~ Kitty, as she listened to the story, asked herly why then did he go to their party? — for surely, if you heed Mr Pater's views on women — it would have been easy to stay at home.

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[These interruptions & complexities of social life in Oxford naturally gave Kitty, ~~some~~ who had no particular love of intellectual pursuits, a ~~dese~~ food for thought; or, perhaps it would be more accurate to call it an instinctive preference for the life of a farmer in Yorkshire.] But there was also, Kitty was dimly aware, chiefly through her friend Alice ~~Hughes~~, the embryo medical student, another school of thought, ~~although it could~~ in Oxford, although it could scarcely be said to be ~~fairly~~ well represented in ~~the~~ authoritative quarters. Alice mixed in quite a different set from Kitty. Her father was merely a coach; a ~~lugubrious~~ self taught & worn looking elderly man, who had come to Oxford ~~boy~~ from a grammar school; & whose father had been ~~almost if not quite~~ a working man. His opinion of women was as high as Dr. Andrews' was low. He owed everything in life, he would tell Kitty, when she came to tea, to his own mother — a common working woman. He called her. She was neither Yorkshire woman, as Kitty had ~~hoped~~ ~~the~~ next best ~~thing~~ but she was Scotch, which was And he would tell them how his mother had saved for his schooling: & how she had taught herself to read when she was over 40; & how she had a better brain than any professor in the place; & how when she came to Oxford, she had remarked of All Souls that it would make an admirable Co-operative hall. His attitude to Kitty was ~~would~~ the opposite of Dr. Andrews' & Professor Lathom's. He was not polite. He did not pick up her handkerchief, or tread upon it. He never pinched her knee. He talked to her as frankly as he talked to a man — at least

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Kitty never felt that the talk completely changed its character when she & Alice shut the door upon the jams & cakes & slices of cold beef that made their high tea, & the rather thick smoke that came from their shag tobacco. Once Mr. Gabbitt asked her if she would not try a pipe herself — Kitty — ~~was~~ And then she would hear talk of the womans movement. but it was not in the least like what she heard at the Lodge. Very little importance was attached to degrees. ~~What Mr.~~ It was felt in that yellow brick villa that it was important for women to earn their livings — it was time they did, Mr   said: & but this unfortunately for Kitty meant that her friend Alice had to work as hard as a man: & go to London: for in her secret heart, she disliked Oxford. All the future lay in London, not down here. And somehow Kitty, as she buttoned on her mackintosh, felt that she   took a slightly sardonic amusement in her frills & flounces. She won more of a respect, & an admiration from the wizened little man himself, from his sons which ~~gave her a view~~ made her ask another question — Was it true that some men really admired women — not in ~~the~~ way as old Chuffy & old Lathom admired them: that they did not tread on their handkerchiefs or pick them up? That one could therefore respect a man? & find him interesting to talk to — though nobody could compete with Lucy Craddock. Still Kitty loved, in a sense, that wizened little mathematical coach: he would have taught her mathematics, she really believed. She had the oddest feeling — as she went home to the Lodge — that men were not born:

And you women
are a great
deal more
important, said
Mr. &
in the future, than
we are.

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one need not always be 'sely & Mary' & pleasing with some men: set such workingmen whose mothers had brought up twelve children on — how much was it a week: for though Kitty would never hope to be a woman like that, she dimly felt, when she was with them that there was something in her, something adventurous & strong & truthful & — just as there had been in Old Mrs — that she too was a pioneer by & not merely the Master's daughter: ~~Hs &~~ she was then confirmed in her desire to escape from Oxford, & she But alas had gone to London. And Kitty ~~only~~ as it turned out never had an opportunity of meeting Dr. Joseph Wright. And ~~For~~ though Dr. Joseph Wright, was of opinion that . .

The opinion of Kitty's world was much more that of another cultivated man Walter Bagehot.

~~From this brief sketch of Kitty~~
Even from so rapid a sketch as this, ~~it may be~~ ~~of the ques~~ it may be concluded that the difficulties ~~&~~ inconsistencies & complexities of life in Oxford in the Eighties for ~~a~~ girl like Kitty were ~~were both~~ numerous; & ~~perplexing~~. puzzling enough to perplex a mind that ~~strove in any way~~ was original enough to ask them, though not original enough to ask them openly. The only question that Kitty could put openly, & was determined to put to her parents ~~in~~ on the 1st of September 1880,

the day was marked with a cross in her calendar —

was May I leave Oxford & become a farmer in Yorkshire? But however tactfully she phrased it, she knew that the question was ~~o~~

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so wrapped up with all those other questions — about pouring out tea, & standing at the window in a nightgown, & not going for walks alone, & ~~not to~~ always calling undergraduates 'Mr', & never writing there except with her mother, & talking to rowing men about rowing & reading men about reading: it was so involved ~~with the~~ also with the opinions of great men ~~like Walter~~ like Gladstone who thought that women must be chaste, & of Walter Bagehot who thought that they could be labourers, but not capitalists, & of Mark Pattison who thought that ~~stood~~ [illegible] in the real need of 'the helpful sympathy which women knew how to give'; of of Walter Pater who thought that 'it was the an insinuation of the devil that caused this woman to drop her glove'; of Oscar Browning who ~~held~~ thought that the lowest man is intellectually the superior of the cleverest woman; it was so complicated further, by the fact that there was no way in which a woman could earn her living; & therefore no way in which she could be independent of such opinions: & ~~ago finally it was so~~. & therefore no way in which she could bear a child without being married; & finally it was so profoundly affected by the fact that Kitty's body had been trained to ~~receive & to~~ send out & to receive a multitude of impressions about her body & ~~the~~ other peoples bodies by for generations — as she stood trying on clothes before looking glasses, & sat ~~keeping the peace~~ by pouring out tea, & kept the peace between Chubby & Professor Lathom at dinner — the whole question of that she was going to put to her parents on the 1st September 1880 was so profoundly & subtly & obscurely affected by all these opinions & customs &

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& laws & conventions that for a novelist to record them all, or for Kitty herself to analyse them all, would require more volumes than ~~it~~ Mr. Proust has devoted to La Recherche du Temps Perdu. Moreover, in the above list, no mention has been made of the Hughes family; And ~~in~~ as any attempt to write about ~~the~~ Kitty ~~would~~ in 1880 would be grotesquely incomplete without some brief mention of them, ~~it may be well~~ to ~~give~~ a scene from ~~that~~ their life must be ~~included~~. attempted.

Lucy taught

Nelly Hughes was ~~the~~ undoubtedly Lucy Craddock's favourite pupil. She was perhaps the only girl L who took her work seriously; but then she was the daughter of a poor man, & was going to earn her living as a doctor. ~~But she~~ She had none of Kitty's charm, to Miss Craddock: she was ~~small & stumpy &~~ short & round & wore spectacles: but she worked like a nigger; ~~her attitude~~ to ~~work was quite different from~~ any ~~she~~ she ~~had always done~~ It was a great pleasure to teach her; &, not only had Kitty heard, very seriously the praises of Nelly, but once, ~~the~~ or twice she had met Nelly at Miss Craddock's; the two girls had talked; Kitty had invited Nelly to tea at the Lodge: Nelly had invited Kitty to ~~study~~ tea at P. Road her father's house — ~~in~~ Pembright Road ~~— which~~ is of course not one of the fashionable quarters of Oxford. But ~~Her father~~, Sam Hughes, was ~~one of those~~ one of those self taught men, also of working class origin who, in the eighties, ~~were to be found~~ had succeeded in finding employment at Oxford, in ~~the capacity~~ some rather nondescript capacity.

by means of scholarships

To go to tea in Pembright Road was for Kitty a great adventure.

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Dec. 9th

It was embarrassing, so Kitty felt, as she stood in the
little front room at 14 Perbright Road, ~~to je~~ waiting for
the maid to fetch Miss Nelly, to feel so very tall.
She ~~felt that her head touched the ceiling;~~ & Not only
was the room small, but it was so crowded with
small bamboo tables & ~~hanging shadeslamps,~~ &
& hanging lamps, & ~~Everything was the mantelpiece~~ was
so ~~crowded with vases & candlesticks, &~~ & the
tables were so crowded with photographs, & the
mantelpiece was so crowded with vases &
~~clocks &~~ bronzes, & the walls were so crowded with
~~what appeared to be~~ family groups & what
appeared to be ~~framed~~ certificates also in frames
that Kitty felt herself even larger than usual; &,
what was stranger, excessively well dressed. She
had only time to read a certificate ~~testifying~~ that
Samuel Hughes had passed an examination at
South Kensington when Nelly came in: &
all Kitty's fears were confirmed — she was much
too well dressed. ~~And yet~~ It was only the dress she
always wore to go out to tea in. But Nelly
was wearing ~~only~~ a pinafore — which covered her
entirely as if she had been doing housework.
The room in which they had tea was at the back
overlooking the garden. And Kitty was introduced to
Mrs Hughes, & then to ~~Master the~~ Dickie & to Meg.
As Dickie & Meg were only aged eight & eleven,
they merely stared; but Mrs Hughes who was
well on in the forties, stood up to shake hands;
& again Kitty ~~ashamed~~ felt not only much too
tall — Mrs Hughes was very short & stout — but again
horribly well dressed: Mrs Hughes was dressed
exactly like Biggs, the cook at the Lodge: in
plain black, with a cameo fastening her dress at

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the neck. And she wore steel rimmed spectacles, just as
Biggs did; & her hair was parted brushed absolutely smoothly
on either side, again just as Biggs brushed her hair:
But Mrs Hughes had large steel grey eyes, which
looked straight at Kitty ~~as~~ with a searching &, as
Kitty felt, severe expression ~~of~~ which was quite
unlike the ~~jolly~~ respectful & familiar expression with which Biggs received
Kitty when Kitty was sent to give an order in the
Kitchen. Mrs Hughes was in the habit of giving orders –
not of taking them – Kitty felt that at once, as she
sat down, & disembarrassed herself of her gloves under the
shelter of the table cloth. Then Mr Hughes came in –
& he was just as short as the rest of the family, Kitty
observed; ~~felt~~; ~~&~~ ~~a very small, but wiry~~ & she noticed how
stubby his fingers were; & how very hard he gripped her
hand; & then she noticed – that both Dad & Mum (so
Kitty called them) talked ~~Yorkshire;~~ – was it Yorkshire?
They talked with an accent that reminded her of the
Carters – but it was not quite the same. Anyhow it was
beautiful, in Kitty's ear: & their manners, – Mr Hughes
was much more friendly than Mrs Hughes, ~~as~~ but
interested Kitty so much that she almost forgot to
think about her ridiculous clothes. She had never
met people like them before. Dad, Mrs Hughes called
him Dad, was an Oxford don – or something of the kind –
at any rate he lectured & taught undergraduates: & yet
~~he had come in from~~ his hair stood up all over his
head; & his ~~behaved~~ sat at the head of the table; his
he talked broad Yorkshire: he called his wife
"Mum"; he ate like a working man: he was a
working man: he had no manners at all; he was
far the nicest man she had ever met. He chaffed
his daughter. He said that ~~Mum had~~ Kitty
must have another slice of Mum's bread. And
Mum then had made the bread, had she? And
was that why she would not come to tea at
the Lodge? And what a great lady she was –

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by which Kitty meant that just as her own mother would get up & shake hands with the Duchess of Newhaven when she was at Katharine's, & ~~they~~ think no more about her being a duchess because after all Mrs Malone was a Rigby, so Mrs Hughes, having noted at one glance that Kitty was far richer & better dressed than her own daughter, thought no more about it, because Mrs Hughes was Mrs Hughes. — what was she? And what was Sam Hughes? And how did ~~people like that, who~~ they come to live in Oxford, & where had they lived before, & did Mrs Hughes do the cooking, & did Sam the mathematic mend the boots & why were they not in the least ashamed, or proud, or uneasy, or in any way conscious that this huge ~~splendid~~ tea, with its jams & its ~~cut~~ home made cakes (it was their dinner) was not what the Masters daughter was used to: ~~& why~~ nor was Sam in the least like Professor Lathom. ~~How exc~~ What an adventure for Kitty that tea party was! — partly because they talked Yorkshire; & then, ~~after tea,~~ halfway through tea in came the elder brother, Jo~~seph~~, & that too was so different from anything Kitty had ever known. He waited on himself; & he gave himself no airs whatever, Kitty reflected, comparing him with the Pagetts, the Arblows, ~~the Hansons~~ & the Lammermoors. As for 'admiring' her, that from Jo, whose hair like his father's was rough, but he had been doing something to the shed — there was a little shaving stuck in it — as for looking at Kitty as those young men looked at her, she felt physically convinced that if Jo Hughes liked her, he would ~~kiss~~ her: just as she felt convinced that if Sam Hughes asked her about her history — as he did — he would listen to what she had to say about Henry the Eighth just as seriously as he listened to what ~~without~~

tell her so in plain terms:

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his daughter Nelly was telling Mum about her chemistry [illegible]: as for pressing Kitty's knee under the table, like Chuffy, Kitty could have sworn, & Kitty's oath on such a matter was worth having, before tea was over, that such a ~~demand for sympathy~~ any man making that demand for sympathy upon a girl at 10 Perbright Road would have been kicked out of the house by the master. This Kitty knew, beyond all possibility of doubt, merely by the way in which Mr & Mrs Hughes chaffed each other. She knew, before tea was over, that Mr & Mrs Hughes ~~had a very great respect for each other — so had her own parents, but then things were so different for them.~~ Mr & Mrs Hughes, ~~Kitty felt, were~~ had been of course lovers: that was father for parents: years ago: very poor — obviously: & Sam had got his chance — gone to London: got: taken his degree — got: leaving ~~Anne~~ ~~Jane~~ Jenny (Jenny he called her, once, during tea) leaving Jenny in Yorkshire: & the children: & her job — which, how much did — Not likely that Sam could send her, from London — her job, to launder, cooking, washing, tending & ~~taking in charing~~ doing charing too, to make both ends meet. her job, Kitty divined from the way they chaffed each other, was every bit as important to Sam as Sam's was to Jenny. ~~Only~~ True, she was more openly proud — Sam her dear. framing his certificates & hanging them in the front room, together with the ~~box~~ salver presented by ~~Sa~~ Sam's grateful pupils when he left Yorkshire — to become a great man in London: but what a different way of treating women Sam's was from Chuffy & Professor Lathom's! And how Kitty envied Nelly! Why, ~~they were~~ her father was proud of her work. He was much prouder of her than he was of Jo. Mrs Hughes was prouder of Jo: but before the tea was over, Kitty ~~had~~ knew perfectly well that Mrs Hughes was absolutely set upon Nell's passing her exams & becoming a doctor. And

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Mrs Hughes set no store by Oxford ladies, whatsoever.
They might never have heard of Eights week & Commem:
as for a College gaudy, no doubt Mrs Hughes would
have said something very sharp about all that
waste of good food: though she saw to it that her
Sam had the best food in England — their ~~Yorkshire~~
Sunday dinner with Yorkshire pudding cooked by
Nell under her mother's eye as Yorkshire pudding
should be cooked, followed by
Cooked by Mrs Hughes herself because no Oxford
girl could learn the right way of it —
though she was teaching little Maud - then only
servant — in short, Kitty felt when she left
the Hughes family in P. Road that if she had had
Sam for her father & Jenny for her mother ~~& Jo for~~
~~her brother~~ she would have ~~enjoyed life~~ she would have
been forced to become a farmer: Mrs Hughes
been trained for some Job.
though unduly scornful of the Oxford ladies, ~~&~~
she might have said like another Yorkshirewoman
" Why, to tell you the honest truth, they are stuck-up,
conceited things, with nothing much about them;
they are all outside" — & rather narrow minded
as to the advantages of reading in the Bodleian & writing
books, was, nevertheless, ~~one~~ even more advanced
in her views of women's rights than the Committee
Aclands, the Arnolds, the Sedgwicks, & the
She insisted, Kitty learnt, that her Nell was to
earn her own living: because, Mrs Hughes said,
no daughter of hers should marry a working man,
& live in a one roomed cottage & bring
ten children into the world, as her own mother
had done.

embodied in
succulence all
the dishes of
all the ~~Lodges~~
Colleges
at least in
Sams opin

Kitty at
21

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Kitty scarcely opened her lips except to say yes or no & thank you.
~~in the~~ She was terribly shy. She was terribly afraid lest
she should say the wrong thing; ~~or~~ Moreover, the ~~usual~~
~~topics of~~ topics that she was accustomed to discuss & to hear
discussed at the Lodge were of no interest here.
Dances? dinners? commemoration, picnics — the
Brooks had never been to them. Sam, with the flake of
wood in his hair, was clearly not a rowing man or a
reading man; he was not Eton or Harrow or Rugby or
Winchester. And Mrs Brook had never, Kitty felt
~~paid a call upon any Oxford lady.~~ been to an At Home, or
paid a call in her life. Sam of course had heard of
Dr. Malone; but for the first time in her experience, Kitty
had the odd sensation that she was nobody's
daughter in particular. ~~And~~ Accustomed as she was
merely ~~to have to~~ for the years mention her name ~~for~~ to ~~excite~~
~~produce in those the~~ to make those who heard it say
"The daughter of Dr. Malone?" — for her appearance
in any college to cause doors to be unlocked & curtains to
be drawn asunder; it was extremely queer to feel
that here, in Oxford, she was having tea with people
to whom the name Malone stood for nothing
whatever. Kitty was Nell's friend — that was all.
Then, while Kitty ~~racked~~ hunted for something to say
that would not seem silly to the Brooks, she was
aware that there were a great many things that
she could say here, & nowhere else.

"You're reading history with Lucy Craddock?"
Sam Brook asked her. And it ~~suddenly~~ ~~occurred~~
~~to Kitty that~~ the way he spoke, simple &
direct as it was, made Kitty feel that she
could discuss the character of Henry the
Eighth with Sam: as she could never discuss with Nell
with her father even. ~~Yet~~ of course,

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there— Nell who really put her back into her work— Kitty
would have felt shy, ~~but~~ of talking about history; but
~~that~~ the sort of shyness that Nell & Sam made her
feel— as if they were eager terriers hungrily waiting to
pounce on what she said because they pounced on all
facts like that— ~~they were t~~ was quite different from
the condescending interest of Professor Lathom, the
tenderness of Dr Andrews, or the ironical manner which
for some reason her father always used, both to men &
to women. when he talked about serious things.

"I like history" Kitty said. "But I dont get much
time— I'm awfully lazy" she added.

Mrs Brook looked at her with her searching severe eyes
The apparition of a frilled & flounced young lady at her
tea table was by no means to Mrs Brook's taste.
The narrowness of her own education & the hardness of her
own life ~~had~~ naturally made her censorious.
She could say, to their faces, extremely cutting things to
the wives of dons who invited her to join their
organisations, to come to their parties. But
her judgment, though very narrow, was shrewd.
Although Kitty's dress, shoes, gloves, had caused Mrs
Brook to think meanly of Kitty when she came in,
there was something in her height, & strength, in her
broad cheekbones & honest ~~the~~ eyes, set too far
apart as they were, that gave ~~pleased~~ Mrs Brook.

She was thinking
that if Kitty
had been her own
daughter, she
could have made
something of
her

"Thats the moor, at the back of our house" she
remarked, seeing that Kitty's eyes were fixed upon a
very highly coloured watercolour that hung over
the mantelpiece. It was ~~an~~ an impossible
daub— the Brooks taste in art was ~~feeble~~
conventional in the extreme—; ~~but~~
but Kitty, ~~while knowing that Nina~~
who knew enough about painting to know that,
knew enough about Mrs Brook to know that
she was firmly persuaded that there was only one

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county in England that mattered; only one people; only one
way of life; only one sort of cooking, of ~~house~~ keeping a
house, of bringing up children, of educating them, ~~of~~ —
& there was in Mrs Brooks case, in her bearing
such a queer charm for Kitty — like the old Duchess of
Newhaven, she was such a personage — that Kitty
felt just as she did with the Duchess, that
she would give anything for Mrs Brook to think well of
her.

So, blushing rather in case she might be saying the
sort of thing that Mrs Brook would think silly,
Kitty told her how her mother's family came from up
North — She carefully concealed the fact that their name
was Rigby, lest Mrs. Moor might think her well born.
But when Mrs Brook asked straight out, ~~who her~~
what her mother's name might have been, Kitty said
"Rigby", greatly to her delight Mrs. Moore approved.
Rather, by the way she had been in service with an old Miss
Rigby before she married. Here Sam chimed in.
He was a little perhaps self-consciously proud of the
fact that his wife had been a cook. Perhaps for a
moment he wished Kitty to understand that
that was the sort of people they were; for of
course, being a man of wider experience than his
wife, & attached to the University in some
nondescript way, he knew that, socially, the
daughter of the Master of Katharine's was
condescending in coming to tea with them: sometimes,
for a second, ~~the~~ Sam liked, as his wife liked, to rub in
the fact of their humble birth, & ~~so~~ when the
memory of all that they had gone through before
they could afford a house in Purbright Road &
furniture & pictures & a maid ~~to~~ sleeping in the
house made him speak Yorkshire with a
broader accent than was very natural to him. But
when he had asserted the fact that his wife had been a
cook, he was far too well bred, to refer to it again.

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He had already come to the same conclusion as his wife that here was a ~~little~~ very nice girl, whose parents were doing their best to ruin her by the way they brought her up.

~~with~~ The room in which they had tea was at the back overlooking the garden, & ~~with her~~ as her powers of observation were sharpened by the unfamiliarity of her surroundings, Kitty ~~obser~~ noticed that there was a shed & hen coops in the back garden at the same time that she saw two small children ~~sitting at a table~~ & an elderly woman * sitting at a round table spread with a ~~variety of~~ great many ~~dishes~~ cakes. Dicky & Peg, Nell's small brother & sister, merely stared: Mrs. Brook stood up. Either, Kitty thought once more, she was remarkably tall, or the Brook family were remarkably small. Mrs Brook was very short, but ~~very~~ very broad. And again felt that she was absurdly overdressed.

[take in] 200.

~~However she had no time~~ But Kitty was terribly shy. The children looked at her. Mrs Brook looked at her. Then. rather peremptorily Mrs Brook told the children to get on with their tea; & the bread & butter which they had momentarily suspended was slowly raised once more to their mouths. Then Mr. Brook himself came in: & ~~not only was~~ he too was remarkably short & very broad. Kitty noticed his alpaca jacket: ~~his rough~~ & how his hair he ~~face was~~ stood ~~up~~ on end & how stubby his fingers were, & how hard he gripped her hand, when he said, very heartily, welco

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a curious accent, "Pleased to see you": what the accent was, Kitty did not know. It was not Oxford anyhow. In fact, she had a queer feeling that she ~~had~~ was ~~no longer~~ not in Oxford. ~~She was completely at a loss~~-cing longer. She ~~felt, certain~~ could not place ~~this tea party~~ the Brook family — She had eaten ~~tea~~ w meals with farmers, & with Dons, & with a Duchess or a Marchioness now & then: but never in her life had she sat down to a meal with the Brook family.

For the Brooks were not farmers: & they were not Dons.

She was terribly shy: she ~~was terribly~~ scarcely opened her lips except to say Yes & No & Thank you. ~~For the sort of~~ Clearly, the sort of talk she made & heard at the Lodge — about dances & dinners & commems. & Eights week & picnics — was meaningless here. She had only to look at Mrs Brook to see that she had never paid a call in her life. And yet Mrs Brooke was a sort of lecturer too — The Brooks talked; that is to say Mr Brook chaffed his daughter; & Nell chaffed her father: ~~but~~ & the little boy volunteered as children will a story a ~~about a~~ that was unintelligible to everyone except his mother: & Kitty eating her bread in servile imitation of the way in which they ate their bread — spreading the butter thick — felt gradually more at her ease, because, though she did not take the point of Dad's ~~Sam's~~ (~~Mr Brook~~ remark (~~Mr & Mrs Brooke were called~~ Dad & Mum, ~~just as~~ for all their names were abbreviated — Dick, Peg. Nell — ~~to suit~~ perhaps to suit their own shortness of body) & Nell's chaff she felt that they had not altered their style of conversation to suit her: they talked like this always. ~~Soon too,~~ she had too the odd sensation that she was nobody's daughter

about a Goose

Dad, Mum,

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in particular. Accustomed as she was, at the first
mention of her name to be asked "The daughter of
Dr. Malone? And how is your father?", just as
she was accustomed on presenting herself with
Mrs. Howard Fripp ~~to be~~ at a College to have
doors unlocked & private treasures shown, it was
extremely queer to be having tea, here in Oxford,
with people to whom the name of Malone
meant, apparently, nothing. ~~Dad~~ a Dad, ~~of~~ Sam
coarse – his wife called him Sam: he called her
~~Mam or~~ Liz or Mum – must have heard of Dr
Malone, since he was in some nondescript way
attached to the University: but he never asked her
"How is your father?" And then, ~~though~~ Kitty
still felt extremely shy, particularly of Mrs. Brook
who looked at her severely now & then, but said
nothing – indeed she was busy with the children –
Kitty began to be aware that there were a great
many things ~~to~~ that she could say here, to
Sam & Nell, once she found her tongue.

"You're reading history with Lucy Craddock!"
Sam Brook asked her. Kitty liked Sam at once
for the way he said 'Lucy Craddock', – as if
her dear Lucy were not a dowdy old
bluestocking, but a human being: ~~rather~~ as a woman
~~admirable human~~ be ~~some~~ one Sam so liked.
"You're fond of history?" he asked her, cutting
hastily a huge hunk of cake (Kitty began to
suspect that tea meant dinner)
"Yes I am" she said, feeling that she might be
able to discuss the character of Henry the Eighth
one of these days with Sam without being
snubbed. Yet he was some kind of lecturer.

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anyhow. Kitty much preferred Sam's way of talking
to Chilly's; & to Professor Lathom's — great men
though they were. (But had the Brooks ever heard of them?)
Chilly was so gruff: Professor Lathom was so
condescending. Even her own father, whom Kitty
loved, always used a specially ironical manner
when he talked about serious things, both to men —
to women. It was as if he were afraid of being
taken seriously. But the difficulty with Mr
Brooke, Kitty felt, would be that he took things
too seriously. Nell, Kitty knew, worked like a
nigger. If one were Sam Brook's daughter one
would work like a nigger too.
She stumbled through. "I like history. But I
dont get much time — I'm frightfully lazy".
Now Mrs Brook looked at her with her
searching, severe eyes.

[take in 208]

one had only to be perfectly frank & Mrs Brook
would like one.

But Kitty had now identified the Brook accent — now
that Mrs Brook had spoken a whole sentence to
a grown up person. She must be from Yorkshire.
That exceedingly *sublime* melodramatic sunset
must be taking place over her own Yorkshire
moors. So, blushing & rather in case she might
be saying the sort of thing that Mrs Brook
would think silly, Kitty told her that her
mothers family came from up there. She
carefully concealed the fact that their name was
Rigby lest Mrs Brook should think her

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well born. But when Mrs Brook asked her straight out what her mothers name might have been, & Kitty said Rigby, greatly to her delight Mrs Brook approved. She said she had "warrrked" ~~with~~ for an old Miss Rigby before she married. Here Sam joined in. "My wife was a cook, Miss Malone," he said. "We used to do our courting in the scullery" — that was what Kitty understood him to say; but either the memory of those days, or some sub-conscious desire to impress Miss Malone with the fact that he was a working class man, & very proud of being one, made him exaggerate his dialect to such an extent that Kitty could hardly understand him. Being a man of much wider education & experience than his wife, he knew that the daughter of the Master of Katharine's was condescending when she had tea with them. For a moment doubtless, he wished to avenge himself for all the hardships he & Liz had gone through before they were in a position to rent a house in Pirbright Road, & fill it with the furniture that Kitty thought so ugly, & have a maid sleeping in. So he lapsed into a dialect that had long become unnatural to him; & his children scarcely spoke. But he ~~had~~ was much less class conscious with women than with men; & already, he had come to the same conclusion as his wife — they often came to the same conclusions — that Kitty Malone was a very nice girl whose parents were going the right way to ruin her by the way they brought her up. ~~So he~~ when he had asserted that his wife had been a cook, & ~~they~~ that they had ~~be~~ done their courting in the scullery while Kitty's remote cousin sat in the drawing room

bright rugs on Eighteenth Century furniture.

NYPL

had done something
terrible!

doing whatever that somewhat mythical figure did do in
her drawing room — Kitty prayed fervently that she
~~had~~ treated her cook well — he spoke the
English with which he had begun tea. & told Nell to
tell Jo that ~~he was to~~ they weren't ~~keeping~~ sparing
the cake. Nell departed on an errand that
seemed to be addressed to get another Brook
somewhere ~~in~~ the background. But Mrs
Brook had evidently been roused, by the mention of
Rugby & Yorkshire, by the memory of early days &
sacrifices, to a more friendly feeling towards Kitty.
The children were eating peacefully. The girl
was not quite an Oxford lady; ~~as~~ Mrs Brook differed
from Oxford ladies: she had good stuff in her. ~~For the first time~~
And Kitty on her side ~~felt that~~ forgot about her
gloves & her ~~f~~ flounces. ~~G~~ Mrs Brook, ~~was~~
reminded her, oddly enough, of the old Duchess of
Newhaven. They were both alarming at first; &
~~but they had both the same~~ as they were
both small & broad: & they both sat very
upright: & then they both made one feel
anxious not to say the wrong thing: being both of
them very dignified, very ~~simple~~ downright, & rather
intolerant of humbug. The Duchess of course
would be sitting in an armchair in Grosvenor
Square ~~surrounded by~~ where one room opened
out of another, & there were a great many stools
miniatures, & two footmen, & a Reynolds picture over the
fireplace. But the old Duchess ~~was~~ dressed
very much as Mrs Brook dressed. And she had the
same parted hair — only she wore a lace cap; &
a diamond brooch instead of a cameo: ~~but the two~~
~~spoke with an accent. & the two~~ Yes.
Mrs Brook reminded Kitty strongly of the
Duchess. ~~so~~ She felt the same comfortable —

apt to
bite one's
head off

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comfortable after the first shyness wore off — feeling that ~~one could be quite~~ one had only to be quite straightforward with either of them — And then, Mrs Brock could talk about Yorkshire.

Mrs Brock was very ready to oblige. It was two years since she had been home; the children made the journey too expensive to go often. And yet though Oxford was her home now, Oxford, & its & ~~its~~ Oxford shops & streets & tradespeople, & the rich ~~Oxford~~ ~~country~~, fields & woods, ~~& the~~ round Oxford, & the grand people & the grand houses & the great colleges — were all daily compared with Mackley (the village where she was born) & the ~~moors &~~ the Cooperative Stores & the moors & the ~~cobbled~~ Yorkshire girls much to the disadvantage of Oxford. Thus she & Kitty had a great deal in common. Though ~~they lived~~ Carter farm was twenty five miles from Mackley, Mrs Brock had once been within a few miles of it, ~~in a~~ in a char a banc. As that ~~had~~ outing had been a great occasion in her life, she remembered every thing she had seen; & by piecing together their memories, Kitty & she arrived at the exciting conclusion that they ~~had~~ must both h had tea at ~~a certain~~ the same Inn; & ~~both~~ when Kitty could supply the name of the Innkeeper, which had for the moment slipped Mrs Brock's memory, Mrs Brock ~~was~~ positively beamed on her.

And then the door opened & Jo came in. ~~In the~~ at the back of her mind Kitty had connected ~~his~~ him ~~appearance~~ with ~~the~~ a persistent sound of hammering which had been going on in the back garden: Certainly the hammering stopped. And there was a ~~flake of~~ shaving of wood in Jo's hair. And, she realised with surprise, having altered

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her focus to suit the shortness of the Brook family. Jo was
a tall young man — ~~also~~ about her own height:
~~and he helped himself. He went into the kitchen &~~
~~brought back a kettle & filled the tea pot.~~
The presence of a young man of her own age
immediately changed the perspective ~~of the~~
in which Kitty was seeing things; owing to the
(highly trained condition of her senses. Her body
began to send out impressions & to receive back
impressions just as it did at the Lodge or at the
Balliol ball: the same problem — does he like me? do I
like him?. occurred to her; & she had instinctively
applied the usual curb, ~~to~~ so that the result of
of their investigations might be secret; & had
therefore assumed all the manner of a well bred
young lady; ~~when she [illegible] being very [illegible]~~; ~~though~~ &
conscious of her appearance, which had been
forgotten: hitherto, at the Brooks', when she felt ~~that~~ all more ~~she was~~ so
Then w. completely wrong — she felt out of touch out of tune, out of
harmony — she did not know how to express it — but
~~certain~~ somehow she was once more an alien & a
almost an enemy in the Brook family — just as
she had been getting on so well. to But Mrs
Brook having opened the tea pot. ~~told her son~~
& gazed in told her son that if he ~~were~~ must fetch
the "kittle": which he did. And the fact that Jo
waited on himself somehow helped Kitty to
regain that queer sense of being in a spree, alone,
on her own, which reminded her of the rare
occasions when she had given her nurse the slip at
Oxford: as when, up at Carter, she had been
free to wander off by herself on the moors.
Jo paid her no particular attention. ~~He was~~
~~hungry.~~ He had been mending a rotten hen coop
it appeared. Her was not altogether on the

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best of terms with her father. Kitty felt: ~~he~~ ~~far~~ Sam was
much prouder of his daughter. Mrs Brook, however,
admired her son enormously Kitty felt: for the first
time she rested, leaning back in her chair, with her
hand resting on her tea cup, from which she took a
sip now & then, in the manner ~~of one~~ to whom strong
at least the
tea is has been been the comfort ~~or~~ companion of many
~~years~~ hours of hard work. And she looked at her son. Kitty

Kitty's ~~attitude to Jo~~ ~~was~~ ~~so~~ she began to feel [that
no 'attitude' to Jo was needed, or one so different from
the attitude that was needed by the young men. reading
men, sporting men, Eton Winchester & Harrow men. —
of one glance was enough to assure her that Jo
~~felt~~ ~~not~~ none of those readings — that she could not
adopt it off hand ~~now~~ She sat & listened.

came under

~~Jo had~~ Sam's attitude to Jo was not ~~at all~~
entirely benevolent. Sam was a hard task master to his
children, Kitty guessed. In Sam's opinion mending a
hen coop was not a job that need take the
whole afternoon. ~~The fact was that Sam's~~
~~standards were~~ And Sam's memories of what he
had done when he was Jo's age ~~was~~ ~~seemed to be~~
even now that he was a lecturer he always
mended the family boots on Sunday — seemed,
— or so Kitty felt, as ~~he listened to Sam's sarcasm~~.
~~& Jo's surly~~ ~~to~~ replies — to be responsible for
the sarcastic way in which Sam insisted that
~~mending a hen coop he could mend a hen~~ coop in
~~half the time it took his son~~ upon the right time
needed to mend a hen coop: Sam family. Kitty
concluded, had plenty of time to mend hen
coops — as a matter of fact Sam mended the
family boots — ~~as he~~ without repeating his
boots.

~~Instead therefore of~~ Kitty found herself being
rather sorry for Jo. Jo was supposed to
mend the hen coop & to work: she gathered:
the two were reading for some examination or other —

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he was engineering, she thought it was. But if
And then there was her friend Nell. She looked at
Nell, in her overall, small, round, spectacled;
& she guessed that Nell would help wash up.
But would they let her help to wash up? Did
she know how to help wash up? Next time she
came she would come in her old serge frock. Next
time — & then she ~~to~~ she was asked to pass the
jam, & as she passed it, Jo looked at her: &
no, it was not in the least the look that the
Pargiters, the Ashtons & the Lammermoors gave her.
~~As for~~ It was the sulky respectful honest look: as if
by no means implying that he did not admire
her: but at the same time Kitty felt that
if Jo did admire her he would seize her in his
arms & kiss her. ~~If~~ but not here: not in her father's
home. As for pressing her knee under the table,
like Chubby, Kitty ~~was~~ could have sworn — &
Kitty's oath on such a matter was worth having,
that any man making such a demand for sympathy
under the table cloth at 10 Penbright Road
would have been kicked out of the house by the master.
~~How~~ ~~the~~ Kitty's senses had divined by the time
tea was over that. ~~Mr & Mrs Brook was~~
the relations between Mr. & Mrs Brook ~~were~~ of ~~other~~ the husbands &
differed ~~in some way~~ from those ~~of the~~
wives; she knew — ~~so that in a w~~ & ~~that this~~
~~difference was the~~ that was why one of the reasons
why ~~Everything was different~~ she ~~would not~~
Everything was different; why Jo ~~was~~ looked at her
differently.

But what the difference was she could not say,
until, tea being done, ~~Nell~~ ~~the~~ Nell having
disappearing for a moment, perhaps into the

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kitchen. She found herself majestically ushered by Mrs Brook into the little front room; & then Sam followed; & then Kitty was shown, just as her mother would show the pictures at the Lodge, the certificates ~~the salver~~ & the ~~family portraits~~ the dyed enlarged photographs & the silver salver. Mrs Brook showed the certificates — they were her husbands: ~~he had passed examination after examination~~: they showed what examinations he had passed; & the salver had been given him by old pupils: but when they came to the photograph, Mr Brook who had been fidgetting with his watch chain, humorously tolerating his wifes narrative, stepped forward & ~~said~~ & asked Kitty what she thought of that old woman? That old woman was obviously got up in all her finery. a row of glitter buttons ran down the front of her dress: her hand rested stiffly upon the photographers table. She was an old working woman in her best dress. But Kitty ~~standing between the Brooks~~ understood how; ~~but Brook was~~ she was ~~an old~~ Sams mother; she had ~~worked in a mill; she had her husband had left~~ her; her husband had drunk; & she had brought them all up; &, though Sam never said a word to that effect, ~~Kitty~~ ~~the~~ Kittys senses again told her, ~~in~~ undeniably, that he ~~was~~ respected & admired that old woman, (hence his attitude to Lucy Craddock; to his wife; to his daughter; to Kitty herself) & thought her more than ~~worth all~~ the Masters & Mistresses in Oxford. ~~She was dead now; but she had lived to see her son~~

That was why Jo looked at her so differently from the other young men. That was why Mr & Mrs Brook seemed so ~~different~~ — That old working woman ~~ha~~ whose husband had drunk who had gone out charing who had saved her pence to give her sons an education, ~~who had~~ & had lived to see her Sam a ~~few~~ great man was at the back of ~~the~~ it all — Kitty meant,

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Sam doesn't despise women; he doesn't sneer at them, or tread on their gloves or press their knees under the table. Oh no — Mr & Mrs Brook were married in a way that none of parents friends were married so that she could feel quite free with Sam. And that old woman, ~~who~~ he Kitty's sense loved her, was the reason why Nell worked like a nigger: ~~for~~ why indeed, though she might clear away

as she was busy on)

the tea things. she never ~~did~~ helped in the kitchen: for it

but was driven up to her books;

~~there was our conclusion that Mr & Mrs Brook though held of Mr & Mrs Brook were generally of a mind,~~ there was no ~~be~~ ~~contention~~ doubt that they ~~held most firmly had Mrs Brook had~~ one thing that Mr & Mrs Brook had made up their minds about, Never that no daughter of theirs should marry a working man — bear her own children in a single [illegible] workman cottage in Yorkshire — like that old woman. Nell was to earn her living, even if they had to keep two servants & sleeping in instead of one. Mrs Brook [illegible]

was to be educated, & to earn

Kitty. Compare her parents. Buy a farm.

Even if they had to keep two servants instead of one sleeping in, Nell was to pass her examinations & earn her own living. Nell was not to live the life her grandmother had lived before her. ~~Of~~ about that Mrs Brook was even more determined than her husband. Her son might ~~be~~ take things easily, if he chose: but not her daughter. Grimly though Mrs Brook regarded the Oxford ladies & their efforts ~~organisations~~ for the higher education of women,

watch his time at his own risk;

~~sarcastic~~ indifferent though she might be ~~&~~ to the architectural beauties of Oxford, & sarcastic though she certainly was as to the amount of food & drink that was consumed by ~~Dr A~~ Chubby Andrews & his like at College feasts & Gaudies — but as she cooked her Sam the most succulent Yorkshire pies, cakes & was famous for her Yorkshire salad her

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in this respect was
sarcasm [was to some extent justified, — notwithstanding
their narrowness & acerbities, there was no woman
in England in 1880 who was more determined
that her daughter was to ~~earn her own living &~~
be an educated woman & earn her own living
than Mrs Brook, ~~the miners~~ whose ~~father had~~
~~been a~~ mother had been a mill hand & born seven
children to a husband who was a miner.

~~With the [illegible]~~ Kitty turned away from the
life size photograph of Mrs Brook the elder with a
pang of envy at her heart. How easy it
would have been, she thought, had she been
their daughter, to say to Mr & Mrs Brook "Let
me leave Oxford & become a farmer". ~~They~~
She envied her friend Nell. ~~Nell had~~ Everything
was such easy for Nell. Nell hadn't got to
pour out tea. Nell hadn't got to dine at
Balliol. She remembered with a start that
that was precisely what she had to do — this
very night — to dine at Balliol in a ~~white~~ pink
~~sa~~ satin frock & sit next Chuffy again no
doubt; or next Lord Lammermoor; or next
her cousin ~~Mr~~ Nigs. Oh to be the
daughter of a workingman, she sighed — relentlessly —
as she shook hands with the Brooks. Oh to be
free; to be herself; on her own; to earn her
living: to be a farmer; to dig & cook &
bake with her own hands: to wash up the
tea things in an old serge dress: & then to —
the thought did strike her, ~~whether~~ though
probably it was a ~~th~~ very wrong & immodest
thought — & then to fall in love with Jo, &
be ~~a farm~~ the wife of a man with a
shaving in his hair who mended hen coops,
while she ~~bred~~ bred pigs in Yorkshire!

NYPL

Such were the thoughts that came to her as she walked down Pirbright Road that summer evening. Now the band began in the High & the Undergraduates came strolling past in their gowns with their books under their arms; ~~a~~ & they & she hated them all. And she passed this College then that College; & the Bodleian & the Sheldonian; ~~& this that~~ & she hated them all. For ~~after the~~ ~~after Pirbright Road~~ they had never seemed to her so silly, so pointless, so heartless, so extravagant, so uninteresting, so frivolous, so worldly, so insincere, so set upon things that didn't matter one scrap, as they did after tea with the Brooks in Pirbright Road. The same queer sense of changed proportions came upon her even more strongly when she reached the Master's Lodge. ~~There it all~~ was, going on just as usual. She peeped in to the ~~drawing room~~. It looked very large, very shabby, very still. ~~after the crowded little room in Pirbright Road.~~ It looked very dull, very solemn, very pretentious. & ~~she echoed~~ She echoed the words that her cousin Eleanor Pargiter had used when she came back to 57 Abercorn Terrace from having tea with Mrs Levy in Lisson Grove. "How they enjoy life – the poor" The Brooks were not poor, as the Levys were poor: but how they enjoy life! Kitty thought, as she went up the broad staircase to ~~change~~ dress for dinner. And that night before she went to bed she drew another circle round September the First in her calendar; as if to ~~emphasise~~ the fact that whatever happened, she would force herself to find a way of becoming a farmer & leaving Oxford.

as if the proportions of all things had been changed

But it was not only the house that looked different.

NYPL

Dec. 16th

This change of perspective — ~~the change which had~~ this comparison between ten Pirbright Road & the High, between the ~~Brooks & the~~ the ~~G~~ Brooks & ~~Lad~~ ~~Lammermain~~ the ~~Dr~~ Masters & Dons, added another question, of course, to those that Kitty was already in the habit of asking herself. It ~~it~~ was so easy for Nell to ask her parents to let her become a farmer, why was it so hard for Kitty? Why was the Brook's attitude to life so different from the Malones? Standing in front of ~~that~~ the enlarged photograph, Kitty had felt that the profound difference lay somewhere there — Mr Brook had an enormous respect for his old mother. This old mother had been a working woman. ~~However~~ Hence the ~~new~~ curious & invigorating feeling she had, ~~that~~ in Pirbright Road ~~women~~ [were not ~~mainly~~ chiefly, & indeed solely, of value ~~in so far as~~ for the fact, ~~as Mr~~ that they could provide ~~sympathy~~, charm, recreation, that "~~sympathy~~ restful sympathy which women know how to give ..." They were not — so it seemed ~~adepts~~ ~~to~~ Especially] she need not provide that 'restful sympathy which women know how to give". ~~It~~ did not look as if old Mrs Brook had been an adept in the art of pleasing ~~a~~ which "consists in entire self-effacement." ~~wh~~ ~~Mr~~ ~~Kitty~~ Yet, undoubtedly, Mr & Mrs Brook were on the best of terms with each other. And they were not farm labourers. Mr Brook was a kind of lecturer — ~~what~~ Dr. Malone had ~~once called him~~ 'a very remarkable fellow" Dr Malone had called him once.

Essay

NYPL

~~The dilem~~ ~~There was perhaps some cause for Kittys~~ Kitty was puzzled. She loved her father & mother. She believed unshakeably that ~~they were~~ the relation between Dr & Mrs Malone was the best that can be between husband & wife. ~~So too,~~ And, ~~restive though she might be~~ hating ~~under the restrictions placed on her,~~ she never doubted ~~but that she herwas wrong to be restive~~: that her own life – if it had not been for her own fault – was far better than other peoples lives. Now she was puzzled.

There was perhaps some cause for Kittys bewilderment. She was practical by nature. She had only dipped, under great restrictions, into the poetry & fiction of her day. Thus she had very little general knowledge of human nature & human life ~~in~~ & besides that which she gained ~~with her~~ had from her own experience. ~~Vaguely, as much from what was expected of her as from reading, she knew that~~ She knew nothing of ~~the~~ all those grades of society that lie between the working classes & the upper class. Of the working class she only knew the Carters: of ~~her~~ the upper class, only her own class, ~~and was~~ in the persons of some Dons & for a time Professors, & the aristocracy, in the persons of some Earls & a duke or two. This narrowness was not supplemented by such theoretical knowledge as may be won from books. She knew ~~something about the feudal system & the Wars of the Spanish Succession;~~ but what human nature She ~~could~~ held vague general ideas of ~~life~~, of conduct, of love, of the natures of men & the natures of women – ~~Extremely~~ though, at the Balliol Ball for example, her perception of the particular situation was, in some respects, ~~abnormally~~ acute in the extreme. Hence Kitty had always supposed, until she had tea in Prebyant Road. That there ~~was an~~

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the proportions of life as a whole ~~was~~ were more or less settled; that right & wrong had been decided many years ago by universal consent; that the ~~year 1880~~ standards & ideals of the year 1880, would continue more or less for ever: ~~& that~~ that her has been Her history reading had taught her that there had been some difficulties, some doubts in earlier ages; but she felt that these had been solved; ~~& that~~ The activities of Mr Gladstone were to her only something that her father discussed with other old gentlemen while her mother knitted; & though there was talk of electric light Kitty ~~had~~ never thought that any ~~way~~ illuminant could ~~re~~ displace the ~~really~~ admirable oil lamps in the drawing room. ~~But~~ ~~In~~ ~~particular~~ But ~~Of these was one subject in which she had been instructed, it was of course.~~ But ~~when~~ whatever change might come ~~to~~ in oil lamps Kitty ~~believed implicitly that~~ took it for granted that the laws of conduct were fixed. ~~The ideal of~~ A woman behaved in one way & a man in another. Ever since she could remember, she had been trained as a woman. And the Concise Oxford Dictionary, though published in 1929 – ~~over~~ more than fifty years later – still preserves in its definitions of womanliness, in a compact form, ~~the ideal~~ which governed Kitty then in 1880 – then "womanly ... having or showing the qualities befitting a woman .. modesty, compassion, tact &c: ~~We~~ Nor did Kitty question ~~that~~ the same authorities verdict that a manliness consists in "having a man's virtues, courage, frankness &c" ~~The~~ ~~But in~~ And in 1880, even Kitty, who was no great reader of poetry or fiction, was still aware that the poets expanded the dictionary dryness in a way that was flattering in the extreme. "A ~~not~~ perfect woman, nobly planned to warn to comfort. Command

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She had once as a little girl heard an old gentleman make a
speech ~~about~~ at some kind of meeting; at the end of
which he had turned with a little bow to Mrs
Malone (who was holding a bouquet) & had quoted

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, & command
And yet a spirit still & bright
With something of an angel light—

whereupon ~~words which had made~~ Mrs Malone and flushed bury her face
in ~~the lilies of the valley: & somebody had~~
in her bouquet. & somehow, the quotation, cut from
local newspaper, had found its way to the
nursery, & being pinned up by Nurse, under a
picture of Red Riding Hood had served to
emphasise the fact — for it was a fact that
had to be emphasised rather often — that Kitty
would never have that said of her if she
refused to stand still & have her hair brushed.
Nor could Kitty forget the little catch in her
fathers pleasant Eighteenth Century voice
when he read aloud Tennyson to Lord & Lady Kerseymore —
& reached some lines about a perfect mother.
And there was also something about a perfect
wife in Mr Browning. And there was also
something about a woman's beauty being
like genius. And there was Mr Ruskin in
Sesame & Lilies — "A peasant a washerwoman —

Thus, whatever Kittys ignorance in other respects
she was aware that ~~the ideal of woman~~ there was
an ideal to which ~~the women was set before her,~~
she ought to attain. She admired it very
much. Though ~~she might~~ ~~her mother~~
~~she found her~~ her mother was severe with her, she
~~there was a ... deep sympathy~~ she profoundly
admired her, ~~rather~~ largely because she ~~was~~
~~the frequent witness of that~~ the ~~spartan~~ ~~word~~ way

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~~in which Mrs Malone carried out~~ ~~put into practice~~
~~the ideal which the poets praised~~ — ~~she~~ alone knew how
much trouble her mother took to warn, to comfort &
command, & yet to appear, as the Master's wife had to
appear, urbane, self-possessed & full of small talk
~~day~~ from one end of term to another. ~~But the~~
~~ideal was a very~~ Yet, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~although the ideal was~~ a
high one, ~~Kitty~~ ~~it was plain to~~ Kitty ~~that~~
~~any it had been forced to the~~ ~~it was plain~~ to
~~Kitty that it was narrow~~ But ~~not only was~~ the
~~ideal a very high one: it was made~~ the difficulty
of reaching the standard set by the poets &
aimed at by women like her mother & the
graceful & beautiful Lady Kerseymere,
was very great; & one of Kitty's ~~[illegible]~~
most ~~persuaded~~ ~~fixed~~ earliest ~~persistent~~ impressions was
~~not~~ ~~that she herself was~~ by nature was dis-qualified
for the high & noble calling; And if one was
dis-qualified, ~~nothing~~ it was a very serious matter,
for, as Kitty had frequent opportunities for
observing, if a woman failed to reach that
standard, she was ~~such a failure~~ she was
of no account whatever. ~~The argument that~~
~~was most~~ the frequently said ~~used~~ in ~~Oxford against the higher~~
education of women was that it would unfit them
to ~~teach~~ be women. As long as they behaved
~~sympathetically to Kitty! She was~~
As ~~long as they~~ ~~Clearly every~~ according
to the code in use in the Master's Lodge, every
honour & compliment would be paid women,
so long as they behaved like Mrs Malone; but
once let them ~~ask~~ withdraw their knees, or
let them publish little books on the Angevin
Kings, or let them ask for money to build
colleges, or let them ask to share in the
privileges of the ~~mens~~ university & they met

set by the
poets

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as Kitty had ~~seen~~ innumerable chances of observing, with rudeness, with derision, with rebuffs. And then at Perbright Road, all was changed. Mr Brook was actually proud of his daughter's brain – Mr & Mrs Brook were determined that she should earn her living. What Was there, another 'ideal' then of womanhood? Could it possibly be that there were men who ~~believed~~ – Kitty once more saw the life size portrait of the old working woman – who respected women not as sports, exactly: Kitty recalled the stiff stout old woman in her tight clothes: ~~but as as~~ – respected them, honoured them, just as if they were men! No, not as if they were men. As if they were – here Kitty referred to her curious physical sensations in the presence of Mr Brook & his ~~son~~ Jo, as if they were better than men: well, not better; ~~but as~~ in the way in which they were 'better' at the Lodge: for that was Lady Kersegmore's way – the way of angelic sweetness, ~~for~~ & unselfishness: but better in — a their way; ~~that~~ a man felt – Mr Brook felt – you've done all the hard work: you've got nothing for it; & there's nothing nothing nothing I can give you — (she felt certain that this was in Mr Brook's mind) I can't give you anything to make up for it. But by Heaven (or whatever Mr Brook's private oath might be) I'll see that Nell has a good time if — ~~I sell my boots first (or whatever~~ his & the radiance of his ~~[illegible]~~ belief. somehow oozed out of everything, as he wrung Kitty's hand, – made her feel, ~~that's~~ the man to go to, if one wants a friend. Sam's my friend if I want one:

~~It was Kitty's fault~~ It was not altogether

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Kitty's fault if the impression made on her by one tea party at Perbright Road was so violent, for her experience, even of Oxford, was narrow. Had it been wider she might, even in 1880, have known that there were other points of view even in Oxford. Already working class men, like Mr. Brook, were coming to Oxford; & ~~had she waited~~ a few years ~~longer~~ later she might surely have come to know Joseph Wright for ~~example~~ the great Dialect Scholar; & whose ~~earliest recollections were of life in a workhouse.~~ ~~by the~~ in ~~year~~ 1888 ~~was living in Oxford &~~ came to Oxford ~~to teach~~ under the auspices of the ~~W~~ Association for the Education of Women to ~~teach~~. Whether it was that Joseph Wright had never had a day's schooling himself, ~~so~~ & ~~whether there was~~ a fact that ~~he did not regret for, as he wrote think a disadvantage~~ seemed to him no disadvantage for "Unknowingly I developed an individuality which is unique in its kind", – he certainly held a view of life which might have puzzled Kitty, accustomed as she was ~~only~~ to the views held by men who had had every advantage ~~of~~ that education can bestow — men like Mark Pattison, Walter Pater, Oscar Browning & Walter Bagehot. Joseph Wright ~~held that~~ ~~had a very high standard of~~ yielded to none anything in his ideal. They, no doubt, would have subscribed it seems to the poet's ideal of womanhood; ~~but not~~ an angel stole ~~bright with sanctity of~~ angelic light – but with ~~but it is so~~ clear that Mark Pattison Walter Pater Oscar Browning Walter Bagehot held that it was damaging to ~~Joseph Wright believed~~ was, to use ~~his own words~~ " To begin with, Joseph

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W. I. 315 ~~Wright, to use his own words~~" In the first place, Joseph
Wright remarked "The world may talk ..
Gods creation." But that was no new idea. The
poets had often said that. What was new, was
that here was a man who actually put his ideas into
practice. [If women were far higher than men in
Gods creation, had they not a right to ~~some of the~~
a share in some of the fruits of the Earth?] He
went on to say "If it were otherwise I should never
have been so intensely interested in the general
welfare of womankind". ~~St Paul & the like~~
~~[illegible] due reward.~~ And he
~~was~~ He was "intensely interested in the general
welfare of womankind." He ~~blamed~~ had the temerity
to blame St Paul. "St Paul
in the past". ~~And then was~~ Therefore, ~~when he~~
married he ~~not only used the language of a lover~~
~~actually~~ put before his wife an ideal of
marriage — ~~his wife was not to be hausfrau~~;
husband & wife were to be one: she was not to
darn his socks: ~~[illegible]~~ — which was his
conception of marriage, was a ~~most~~ revolutionary.
His wife was not to darn his socks: she was not
to do housework; "It is my greatest ambition
W 1. 311 that you shall live, not merely exist; & live
too in a way that not many women have
lived before.." ~~This~~

~~The~~ But the force at the back of ~~Joseph~~
such ~~a few~~ opinions was not merely ~~the~~
that Joseph Wright himself had received no~~thing~~
~~from the~~ schooling: he was not the product of
Eton or Harrow, & Kings & Christchurch:
& therefore had no interest in them,
comparable to the interest of men like
Bagehot, Pater, Pattison & Oscar Browning who

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all the best of reasons for appreciating the advantages of public school
& university education. He was much more profoundly
influenced by his mother. "It was she who sowed
the seed, & we shall reap the harvest!" The union
between Joseph Wright & his mother was extraordinarily
close. After all, when they left the workhouse in
which the fourth child had been born, it was to
live in a one-roomed cottage. ~~His father having~~
1855 1866 His father died when he was eleven, but Dufton Wright
had 'never ~~been~~ was a worker': ~~His after~~ Sometimes his
1.26 wife had only empty gunpowder barrels to sit on
After his death, being left with four sons, she went out
charing at three halfpence an hour. "She also
28 took in washing, & often had to stop up all
night to wash for being & other people" At
six Joseph helped his mother by driving a donkey
cart from seven in the morning till five in the
evening". Neither mother nor son could read or
write. But his mother was ambitious for him.
She made him leave the donkeys & go into a mill;
(Just as later she made him spend his savings on a
term at Göttingen University. Meanwhile
Mrs Wright went on charing] she made him
leave the mill & go ~~into~~ become apprenticed to
wool-sorting; ~~& the loss~~ as ~~because~~ it was
a better opening, though the pay was lower. But being
she was an ambitious woman, she & ~~ma~~
~~took~~. "did extra washing & charing & made up
W the two shillings his the change cost them.
1. 51 ~~And once, she~~ Indeed, once Mrs Wright told a friend
that 'there was one occasion when she thought
she ought to have had her photograph taken, &
that was once when she fell asleep with her
hands in the tub in which she was washing
her boys' clothes."

And

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so at last Joseph Wright came to Oxford, to teach women
German & Old English; & his home, when at last he had a
home, was full of cushion covers & mats worked
by his mother. And his the tops of his stockings were her
knitting too And when, in her last year, she used
to come to Oxford she thought very poorly of the southern
20. ladies "Why, to tell you the honest truth, they are
nothing but stuck-up, conceited things, with nothing
much about them; they are all outside." And
she threw Shakespeare's plays out ~~of the window~~
into the street; & she was a ~~first rate~~ cooked of
first rate Scotch collops, & broth, & made
the best bread in the world - with a dash of
milk & a touch of lard in it; " & her
Yorkshire pudding, eaten before the meat,
served with good gravy, & eaten with
three pronged steel forks 'was food for the Gods'".
at forty five she taught herself to read;
& when she grew old, her son Tom, a lame ~~boy~~ man
owing to insufficient food, gave up his work at
the mill in order to live with his mother; &
sold clothing on a weekly instalment system, walking
from house to house. He did all the rough work
of the house for her, & waited on her when she was
ill. She had no daughter. When she died in
1903 Tom could not bear the presence of another
woman in the house, so he lived on alone,
& baked & washed & starched his own collars, so
amassed a fund of various information, by
talking to people in the streets & in trams & trains;
so that he was the finest company in the
world; & could talk with equal readiness
to a King or a pauper. And he was
severe upon humbug & hypocrisy: &
hated the poor to ask for relief: & used to

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quote a psalm to the effect that "I have been young,
& now am old: & yet saw I never the righteous
forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."
It was a great comfort to Joseph also to help
his mother. And when he met his wife, he said
265 "I am sure you will not mind my having some
love for my dear old Mother. So to say, I have
been father, husband, son & companion to her
for more than thirty years ... And my dear
Mother. I did struggle hard for the sake of my
two brothers.. we were determined that
their lot should not be so hard as ours ...
It was she who sowed the seed, & we shall
334 reap the harvest. It was just our great
devotion to each other that instilled into me
the profound respect I have always had, since
I grew up for womankind."

attitude to his wife & marriage.

~~It~~ Such ~~&~~ a training led to opinions which were
rather singular perhaps in Oxford in the eighties.
275 "Among people, who have been well (!) brought up,
there is a great tendency to mistake ignorance
for stupidity & dulness of intellect. I know
lots of people who are learned, but at the
same time positively stupid & utterly
incapable of giving birth to a new idea"
~~After all, his~~ ~~His old mother~~ He had just had a
letter from his ~~old~~ mother who "~~Altho'~~ 'can't write'
274. but 'every word is like a page'. ~~Thus again,~~
It was his training ~~perhaps~~ that led him to ~~form~~
hold ~~the singular~~ opinions of marriage that in
the eighties, ~~apparently~~ were ~~very~~ highly original
'There will never be a "lord & master" in our
home. ~~We~~ ... we shall be one in all
311 our ways & deeds.. ~~This is my~~ ... I should
lead a most unhappy, & I will say, a most

NYPL

1
3''

miserable life ... if you could, under any possible circumstances, ever become a mere Hausfrau ... It is my greatest ambition that you shall *live* not merely exist; & live too in a way that not many women have lived before, if unlimited devotion & self sacrifice on my part can do anything towards attaining that end ...

But Kitty Malone never had the honour of knowing ~~Dr~~ Joseph Wright; ~~&~~ all she could divine, from her tea party at Perbright Road was ~~that proportions change~~, a ~~sudden & bewildering change in what she had thought she~~ was that proportions are not ~~everywhere~~ in different places the same. Much depends on ~~Education~~ training & circumstances. What is right at ~~Bal~~ Perbright Road is not seen right in the Master's Lodge. The ~~Sheldonian to~~ Bodleian looks different to different people. Learning may be ignorance & ignorance knowledge. Scotch collops are Yorkshire pudding is ~~a dish fit for the~~ food. may be as good as oysters & champagne. A shaving in the hair does not necessarily disqualify a man from marriage. Sympathy does not necessarily mean ~~la~~ must, has self effacement: money is not everything. Love ... but by the time she reached this word, Kitty, who, it must be remembered ~~had been~~ though she had been having tea ~~at~~ Perbright Road had been dining ~~at Bath~~ at Balliol, thought so many thoughts about Lord Lammermuir & Nigel & Jo & Chubby & ~~so~~ her standing at the window in a night gown — the most hand of great proposals: & her mind was such a whirl of questions & doubts

or of learning his views on Education, society & the proper conduct of life.

according to where you have had tea.

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& dissatisfaction: she felt so young, so excited, so strong, so indignant; so fettered so impeded; so flattered: so full of excitement & envy, & hope & fear: so conscious that Nig's eyes were too close together; & that Lord Lammermuir ~~had beautiful~~ hands; ~~so~~ were beautiful: but he must marry an heiress as the estates were mortgaged: she felt so many things — among them that she had not knocked off Stubbs vol. 3. — but oh how exciting to ~~go to~~ see Lucy Craddock tomorrow! — ('Dancing again my dear?' "No, Miss Craddock - dinner at Balliol —") all these thoughts, & ideas & sensations ~~&~~ beat such a tattoo in her brain; ~~that she could only~~ & ~~get all these~~ but none of them could by any possibility be spoken to anybody — that & there was nothing for it but to ~~find a~~ take her pen, dip it in red ink, & draw another circle, very firmly round September the 1st ~~the feast of St Athanasius~~. ~~The Partridge~~

Partridge ~~Pheasant~~ shooting begins

The rain fell still in the garden over the syringas; the bells chimed out the hour: ~~&~~ & Kitty fell asleep.

This was in June 1880. Mr Gladstone ~~had~~ the Conservatives were . . & the more was in power; ~~& at the new government was~~ Mr Bradlaugh had declined to take the oath; & at the head of the Irish party was a new leader, Charles Stewart Parnell.

Dec 19th 1932

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The Pargiters.

Jan. 31st 1933

(additions to Chapter One)

~~Or~~ rather, the ~~gulf~~ between ~~Abercorn Terrace &~~
Or rather ~~Canning Street~~ ~~what happened was~~ This room here
was so different from that room there. And
if one had to think of two quite different things at the
same moment, — of Mrs Levy: telling Lily to get the
rent from under the clock: of Milly, wanting to talk
about going to a party — it made ~~me feel, as she~~
~~always they said she~~. 'broody' are what the others
called 'broody': the family joke on Lisson ~~Street~~
Grove days was, 'Eleanor's broody!' they ~~she~~ said ~~was apt to~~
snapped her head off. They ~~pretended~~ always said they
She suffered a Lisson Grove day. The truth was this: &
~~come~~ — she suffered that the woman she most
admired, Miss in the whole world — Miriam Parish —
could go ~~do~~ ~~both~~ — ~~home & poor~~ — without feeling
broody. ~~But they~~. She supposed ~~that~~ but she was
perhaps she was too young ~~sensible~~ to ~~analyse her~~ put her feeling clearly," she was
far naturally muddleheaded that there was in a sense, in a way, as it were — some principle
no good at analysing feelings — "there's some reason, why ~~things happen~~:
'I mean, she corrected herself, at Abercorn Terrace: Sunday.
Otherwise, coming back to tea, looking out of the window,
her sisters talking about parties, having to go: out with Mama —
& then the wandering about, having ~~Or what~~ For what
then that it seemed so all so disconnected: was there then? There's money:
then the ~~reason~~ What reason, of course, Money did interfere. One
other: she thought; — well, we can do as we like.
here. We're not rich;
There's the thought, there's love.
There must be some reason why things happen...

Now in ~~Lisson Grove~~, ~~Lily Eleanor~~ in Lisson
Grove, Eleanor thought; & she ~~had~~ thought ~~of~~
Lily. But she had ~~lost the thread~~ of her
~~felt that she could not think thought then~~

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stopped. She had set out to find a reason why things were not
higgledy piggledy: now she was merely ~~launching into~~
seeing pictures: & Milly thought her broody. She
left the half formed thought — it had only reached
the ~~transit of~~ premature stage of saying that money was one ~~reason~~ of the
~~why one did this:~~ why one did things — & love was
~~another~~ one of reason ~~why one did things: why~~ they went on
living like this in Abercorn Terrace. — the thought

of for what happened

she had only ~~caught~~ reached vaguely at a vague idea —
which had gone before she caught it. ~~But the word~~
She ~~truth was that being the eldest sister, &~~ ~~She~~
~~she was not at her age~~ — ~~Now that she was~~ no
when ~~one was~~ 23, that is no longer ~~so~~ very
young, — one tried to think about things
but now that she was 23, ~~sometimes~~ she often
~~tried to find out~~ one was no longer young — one
could not take things simply for granted.
And then with ~~a laugh at herself for her~~ own
~~[illegible]~~ she added, ~~knowing~~ ~~as was so~~ often the
~~inconvenient way,~~ "~~And~~ "The poor enjoy life
more than we do:" — ~~which~~ a remark
which, far from summing up her arguments &
~~seemed to~~: or proving anything, gave her one
~~of those~~ other nudge — suggested that she would
have to think it over, in bed. ~~Bed with~~ the
~~gas lit, & a book on~~ ~~going to bed, brush~~
Brushing one's teeth, ~~going to bed,~~ walking about
the room, putting hanging up one's ~~st~~ clothes
that was the great time, for thinking things
out.

And ~~something~~ postponing the question of
what ~~it is~~ it may be that connection that controlls the
apparently inevitable succession of events
until she brushed her teeth, Chance
watched ~~the flame~~ one number & evident
flame which danced elf like, alone, on the
coal — a blue green flame: the [illegible] flame

of. 31

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that is produced, ~~legend~~ rumour says. by throwing salt on the fire.
"Isn't he a darling?" said Milly. She stirred the fire ~~gently~~, with ~~no utilitarian purpose~~, caressing the coal aesthetically with the poker; & then showers of sparks went up the chimney, & again she stirred it, ~~pretending~~ for ~~the~~ as children they had played a game, pretending that the ~~flam~~ sparks were helmeted soldiers, ~~fighting the~~ who fought the next door sparks – ~~the~~ & beat them. For the ~~the Pargiter sparks were real soldiers;~~ the . B Cornetts, next door, were ~~merchants~~ lawyers. ~~Soldiers always beat lawyers.~~ Lawyers sparks were very inferior to soldiers' sparks. ~~Spark stirring still had its romance~~; Milly looked ~~a~~ like a little girl as she stirred; for spark stirring ~~was~~ recalled the famous day when they set the nursery chimney on fire.

"O' you think we ever did, Nell?" she asked, jerking back into her chair again, "Set the chimney on fire? Or was it one of Pippy's lies–"

"~~Well they stroked~~ They they fetched Mama after" said Eleanor.

"Papa was only fetched ~~when we you & Morris once" said Milly~~. once

"~~Mama was much worse than papa~~"

Papa ~~said never~~ when ~~you~~ & Morris & I ~~pu~~ ~~Killed~~ lady killed Mademoiselle Marthe."

"She was about to sit down: we 2 of us pulled the chair away."

Milly recalls. yes "Mademoiselle rushed downstairs & said we ~~had~~ she'd ~~injured~~ crippled her for life... ~~was it likely~~?

~~That was~~

"But ~~Delia & I~~ Edward & I saw the mad dog" said Milly. "It was rushing with its head down along the street. It was foaming at the mouth. It was coal black"

"Ah but you don't remember Prince Consort's statue" said Eleanor;

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Morris. Eleanor claimed that they had seen the statue of the Prince Consort being conveyed to its present position "in a kind of wheelbarrow", ~~but~~ shining ~~gleaming~~ even ~~in that position~~ in pure gold. They had believed ~~as grown~~ that it was gold all through.

"Oh yes, Morris" — said Milly — "as children, Morris & Eleanor, had paired off together. They did everything together. ~~Now~~ Still, now that they were grown up there was a peculiar tie between them, of which Milly perhaps was slightly jealous. There was the famous scene

He tried to slap her. But she.

There was a faint click at the front door. "That's Morris" Milly thought with a thrill of annoyance. ~~But it was not Morris.~~ She waited for him to come in. But nobody came in.

The fact was that ~~It was Rose, the little girl,~~ ~~It was not Morris coming in: it was, as it happened,~~ In fact it was Rose, going out.

Rose, half an hour previously, had left that the drawing room ~~door~~; Eleanor with Eleanor's command

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Now what had frightened her?" Eleanor asked herself, as she went downstairs. What was the matter? Clearly there was something wrong— Rose was hiding something. But what? She went slowly down stairs carrying her candle.

She passed Bobby's bedroom door. She listened for a moment. She could hear him snoring. She went still further, passing her mother's room— ~~the~~ nurse was moving inside. There the nurse coughed. And so very slowly with a queer feeling that there was life stirring behind all these doors— Rose, Bobby, her mother— & that it lay upon her somehow to combine them. & yet they were concealing things from her— ~~how can~~ she did not know what was & that the house tonight was packed full of people, who all needed some connection— ah ~~but~~ I'll think of that when I'm brushing my teeth; she thought she returned to the drawing room.

She listened

with a kind
of heaviness
of aliveness
in upstairs
they different as if
rooms:

She were
called upon to
guide these
people—
& always
all too
heavy too
difficult—
too
helplessly

They were sitting round the shaded lamp in the back drawing room. Milly was sewing; Delia had her ~~huge~~ book on her knee. & so had Morris, ~~But~~ there was an air of lassitude, indifference over them. The light of the lamp showed them sitting or rather lying back, rather in that arch of light; indifferent, drifting— waiting for her to come & then they would go to bed. Papa had gone to his den already. ~~She was tired~~; ~~At~~ Milly rolled up her embroidery as Eleanor came in. She put her thimble & her scissors neatly into the little box. And Delia threw her book down.

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Morris looked up from his serious dark covered book. And then she suddenly remembered — ~~She must write~~ to Edward — she must. She must catch the last post.

"The letters have gone" said Milly

~~So she went to~~ "~~One~~ ~~Just one~~ moment" she said. "But I must write a note to Edward" she said & lit lighting ~~lit~~ the little silver candle on her mother's writing table she hastily began her letter.

My dear Edward,

What was it she had to say? She wiped her pen in the back of a hideous walrus, that served for pen wiper — It was Bobby's birthday present to her mother. ~~And suddenly~~ it made Eleanor think ~~write~~ And she is dying... She'll never sit here again. I suppose this will be my writing table now..." as she wrote in her little square hand to tell Edward that he ~~must~~ would he be sure ~~to write~~ to write 'at once" she underlined the word. Mama is much about the same. Prentice says... She yawned. The little candle flame flickered. She hated writing. Oh how often she had written, & said, Prentice says there is no change." And as she scribbled her name, ~~she was~~ again she thought ~~of~~ all the the house on top of her: Bobby & Rose: her mother: & here she must sit for ever, she supposed. She felt as if she were condemned to be at in that place, in that position, at her mothers writing table, with the whole house on top of her, for ever. Eleanor. she wrote & stamped & directed the letter.

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~~Morris took it. She wrote~~ went
quickly. Delia had gone to bed. Morris was sitting
waiting for her to finish. ~~He took the letter~~ &
they ~~went, as they often did to the front door.~~ &
"I'll take it" he said. And ~~th~~ she went to the
front door, with him as she often did when they
& stood there holding it open while he posted the letter
round the corner. ~~It was~~ Rain was now falling; the
streets were shining under the lamplights; &
Eleanor stood watching the curious shadows -
under the trees into which Morris had disappeared
for a moment as she used to stand watching
him disappear round the corner when he went
to school. "
"Edward ~~must~~ get that first thing tomorrow"
Mor he said when he came back; & they put the
chain on the door.

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Feb 14th
1933

~~Chapter~~ 2.

Eleanor's letter lying on was on Edward's mantelpiece when he came back from Hall. He had answered it, he remembered, & yet, as at the sight of it lying there & ~~reminded him of~~ among all the notices of meetings, were not fitting the first thing he did when he had ~~started~~ lit his coffee machine was to tear the letter into ~~long~~ spills, ~~so that~~ & then he lit his pipe with the spill on which was to be read your loving sister Eleanor & settled down for precisely one half hour in his arm chair ~~before he began~~

He lay back in his chair & looked round his room as he sipped his coffee. He was lucky. In his last year he had been given a set of three rooms looking over the garden. Save for the rustle of leaves, & the rain falling among the leaves, the room was absolutely quiet.

~~His green sh~~

His green shaded reading lamp ~~now lit up~~ ~~with its~~ now cast its bright light beyond which all was shadow upon the Antigone of Sophocles, & seemed to indicate the ~~fierce~~ clear unflickering concentration with which Edward should apply himself to that one book, leaving all the rest of the world in darkness. {He took his pencil & with a slight frown ~~bent~~ proceeded on the stroke of 11] At this moment two the bells of Oxford began rolling their slow ~~sonorous~~ chimes through the air, ~~slowly~~ ~~sonorously~~, ~~as though they~~ rather ponderously as if ~~they had to~~ the air were ~~rather~~ heavy h & unheeded them. ~~The sound~~

they had to
move the air
out of their way
& the
air was
rather
heavy

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If he was alone, he always listened, ~~even~~ half anxiously.

Edward, ~~loving~~ as a lover of Oxford ~~as he did~~, loved some things about Oxford privately; he ~~was~~ never heard the bells without greeting them. But directly the sound had stopped, he bent down over his book, ~~with a pencil in his hand~~.

Gigsby had ~~told him~~ put his finger on the weak places — also Gigsby knew — he had coached undergraduates for thirty years — what sort of questions the examiners would be likely to ask. And Edward, reading with these commands laid on him & the immense prize depending on his obedience, read with a frown, steadily, making now & then a little pencil note on the interleaved book: ~~consulting another book, &~~ ~~for~~ For though he ~~had~~ had least pre was a poor ~~won scholarships~~ & been indeed the favourite pupil of ~~that~~ hawkfaced man in the photograph & had ~~read more~~ knew more Greek than French, Italian, German or Spanish, still

for 10 yrs

still the difficulties that the text of the Antigone presents are — so it seemed, from his frown, his note book — ~~Quite~~ formidable to a young man ~~of twenty one~~ whose ~~entire~~ future depends upon winning a fellowship. And yet anxiety ~~as usual soon~~ gave way ~~to the sense of~~ when he had warmed his brain up, to the sense of his own dexterity, his own efficiency, the beautiful play of his mind — so like the play of his body when running in perfect fitness — as it caught phrase after phrase exactly, hardly, accurately, with a ~~Knowing~~ more finer ~~exactly~~ ~~longest~~ this time than last; more as so that a sentence which had once been negligible now, on the contrary, ~~glow~~ had its

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own peculiar almost unseizable shade: & ~~then~~ :
Edward made a note ~~of~~ of it — the examiners ~~of [illegible]~~
might be impressed by that — roused in him a
peculiar pleasure; And if he won his Fellowship,
this pleasure would ~~be his~~ remain ~~be a~~ his
daily: for years. ~~For~~ though, as Eleanor had remarked,
Edward was a little narrow in the fine head, ~~fine drawn~~,
he would & would never And then, the clocks
began striking again; & he all the time went
out of his face suddenly, as if he had thrown himself
down, after running — ~~as if~~ & yet, for a
moment or two it seemed to him as if he were
still running, only he was at rest.

He got up & stretched himself. The hour had
passed very quickly. He stood for a moment at
window, left uncurtained on purpose. For ~~the~~ it was
a pity to shut out Oxford even on a wet night
like this. ~~It was still raining.~~) But now it was
dark (The whiteness had gone, ~~from the~~ There was ~~were~~
~~two~~ patch of yellow over there, where the light
~~fell~~ from a lamp fell on a flowering tree. The
College lay round the garden in a low dark
mass, rising ~~here & there~~ into a cluster of
chimneys & then into the mass of the Chapel
drawing its long back against the grey
sky which, in the rain, seemed to ~~shiver~~ all the
time to shiver slightly. & Here was a red light
here a yellow where curtains were drawn.
The silence as it had been: which ~~had been so~~ deep. was now
~~the~~ alive ~~humming~~, full, it seemed to Edward, ~~with~~ of
to that humming ~~sound~~ which broods
~~over thickly populated places.~~ ~~No~~ pa But he knew
He heard nothing in particular.

The darkness was
thick —
& showing —
for the rain
shone
here & there

It was not

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own peculiar almost unseizable shade: & ~~then~~ :
Edward made a note ~~of~~ of it – the examiners ~~of some~~
might be impressed by that – word in him a
peculiar pleasure; And if he won his Fellowship,
this pleasure would ~~be his~~ remain ~~be a~~ his
daily: for years. ~~For~~ though, as Eleanor had remarked,
Edward was a little narrow in the fine head, ~~fine drawn~~,
he would & would never And then the clocks
began striking again; & he all the time went
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sky which, in the rain, seemed to ~~shiver~~ all the
time to shiver slightly. & Here was a red light
here a yellow, where curtains were drawn.
~~The~~ silence, which had been; ~~had been so~~ deep. was now
~~they~~ ~~humming~~ alive, full, it seemed to Edward, ~~with~~ of
to that humming ~~sound~~ which broods
~~over strictly potentiated places~~. ~~No~~ pa But he knew
He heard nothing in particular.

The darkness was thick – & shining – for the rain shone here & there

It was not

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the building was full of rooms, the rooms full of young men.
Now & again there was a burst of laughter, & then the
tinkle of a piano: then a door ~~slam~~ slammed: & then
there was again the sound of the rain falling: &
the earth seemed to suck it up, as the gutters chuckled &
bubbled ~~burbled~~.

Edward turned back: for the clocks had once
more leaned, after another of their slow ~~[illegible]~~
triumphs over the reluctant air. It was chilly.
The usual question — whether it was worth lighting a

— Edward asked him,

fire which might not light — & ~~[illegible]~~ bethought him
~~suddenly~~ opportunely of his father's present.
His father had sent ~~dozen~~ him a dozen or two of excellent
port. 'by way of stirrup cup' he said; for
though the Colonel's Greek was rusty, he had

he supposed an examination was like a battle —

always seen but that his men had their tot of rum
before they went into battle. "You can't
drive a bayonet through a chap's body in cold blood"
he would say. And what applied to
to Edward, smiling as he remembered his father's phrases, —
they hit it off very well — poured himself out a glass
of port, & . . .
as he went into his little dining room, fetched a
bottle & poured himself out a glass of port.

He laughed at him, but he imitated him. Years ago — He had seen his father dozens of times do it.

He got on very well with his father. He now
imitated him, holding his glass to the light &
making the so that the wine shone with reddish
brown light. ~~The Colonel~~ He had always
seen his father do that. ~~And~~ Then
he sipped & as the soft yet glowing liquid
spread through his veins he turned again to the
Antigone. ~~The separ~~ Something that had
been separate in his mind seemed to run together
as he sipped. as if the wine had gently ~~[illegible]~~

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turned open the little dingy doors, & now so that without relaxing his attention — her pencil continued its neat comments — he swept more powerfully over the play, taking whole phrases at a stride; so at the back of his mind he ~~became~~ rose the [illegible] felt more & more confident that he was bound to succeed in whatever he did. — ~~the Fellowship~~ ~~all impediments were overcome~~ He felt certain of the Fellowship.

So he went on sipping & reading, & reading & sipping till the glass was empty; & by that time, ~~so many~~ so many things had run together in his brain that there seemed to emerge something generalised, that something moving him personally — the figure of Antigone ~~herself~~ ~~She was seeking her brother's~~ He was drawn into sides with her; as he sat under

a woman, Antigone

rather as if it were a real thing, the Antigone: a situation facing him, now in Oxford. Should the girl die because she had buried her brother? And cried out, felt himself rising up ~~on the side~~ to help her: he was her helper, her protector; she became: so young, so ~~helpless~~ so beautiful? — Oh Lord he broke off: for he knew the symptoms the physical symptoms that were now clouding exciting him, that were clouding his eyes.

He looked instinctively to the photograph of the fine ascetic man in a clergyman's collar on the right side of the mantelpiece. It was Temptation, mastery, running, exercise: words in chapel, muscles, — all the old machinery that the rather faced man represents put its brake on sharply; as Edward Down it came upon the carnal seduction; ~~look~~ & ~~Edward tightens~~

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the lines on Edward's face which had become blurred for a
moment, fixed themselves out. He went on reading:
his pencil point snapped & he ~~repair~~ sharpened it:
more hieroglyphics of the kind that bewildered
the Colonel were inserted in the manuscript
book, & then when he read on again,
~~he~~ Even Eleanor, had she been there, would have
~~read admitted that her brother looked~~ had to admit that
~~sometimes, [illegible] a~~ been surprised, softened,
felt ~~made~~ perhaps a little sting of remorse, of jealousy, love,
of some complex difficult feeling ~~when~~ when she
saw, how for a moment the insolent, wandering,
very exalted, rapturous, yet calm expressi-
~~what~~ cross her brother's face. He had thought of
Kitty Malone. Antigone, Ismene, singing
the fever & the ~~[illegible]~~. the two sisters, alone in a
world of hostile men, — that was his Kitty.
he looked up. But he did not look at anything in
particular, & Eleanor had she seen him would
have had to admit with a ~~pertuba~~ some
surprise, perhaps some jealousy, that he
looked not ~~at all~~ niggly: ~~no quite~~ rather the opposite.
~~The thou~~ ~~very~~. ~~He~~ The thought of ~~the~~
Antigone had become the thought of Kitty Malone.

The lines of the
face softened;
the narrow
lips
relaxed.

He had read enough. Greek was [illegible]
long hours of reading. ~~Anyhow,~~ Edward
pushed back his chair, ~~& thought of Kitty~~
~~his cousin the daughter of the master. He was~~
went to the window. ~~Through the darkness~~
though it was too dark to see clearly, he knew
that ~~over~~ there among the trees in the shadow was a
the Master's Lodge; & there was Kitty, the
master's daughter; ~~his own~~ cousin; ~~& he was in~~

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What was she doing? what was she thinking?
~~He admitted to himself that~~ he was in love with his
cousin — for their mothers were cousins. he
~~He~~ was admitted that. Standing at the open window
he looked & ~~looked~~. — He felt that he could never
look long enough — the sight might have to last him
for years — if he failed to get his fellowship.
~~Oxford & Kitty.~~ Oxford, ~~the fellowship. Kitty~~ — all
lay ~~there, at~~ out there ~~before him~~, ~~combined~~ in the
~~freshn~~ as the rain fell, & the light shone on the yellow
& the yellow bubbles — checkled he seemed to
draw up into his being ~~everything~~ the savour of all ~~that was~~ all happened & tender & generous —
good, in life — Oxford, love, beauty — He turned &
taking ~~a sheet~~ his pencil wrote to Persephone.
& A few lines of poetry followed. ~~If Oxford~~
~~had a~~ to Persephone who was Kitty: who Kitty was Oxford;
who Kitty was Antigone. ~~But the~~ And then he
stopped. He drew wriggled his pencil over & on the lines
He ~~was a too good enough~~ He was a good
enough critic to know that the lines were not
poetry: — with a violence that showed how
acutely, ~~the ... his own lack~~ of creative
power angered him, he crumpled the paper into a
ball & threw it into love his
affected. He crumpled the paper into a
ball & threw it into the waste paper basket.

He wrote rapidly a

for though his dexterous imitative verses of his pleased him tonight

they seemed to him silly, cramped

As he did so, there was a peculiar
thump on his door — ~~peculiar~~ Edward ~~&~~ could
interpret it — to mean that Gibbs, going upstairs,
was passing. Gibbs had no intention of interrupting
if Edward wanted to be alone. but Gibbs

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This was the sort of encounter that was apt to
happen in his rooms, because he knew people
from different sets. But it was very awkward.
It meant another row with Ashley. He had
had two rows over Gibbs already. However,
there was nothing to be done. And he went ~~in~~
back with the bottle & sat down on a stool
between the little man & the big man, as if
to ~~keep them apart~~. & felt ~~Then & they both~~
They both admiring looked at him: the vanity that
Eleanor was so quick to feel in her brother was
flattered. ~~They hated each other~~; but they both
admired him. As He could talk hunting with
Gibbs & books with Ashley. With ~~an~~ adroit
~~He approved of his own versatility~~. He liked his
own versatility. ~~He~~ With his usual ~~an~~ adroitness
~~by~~ that was rather slick he switched the talk
onto a safe common line — college gossip: dons ~~Sam~~;
who was going to get this, & who was going to get
that. As for himself he said ingenuously, he
hadn't the ghost of a chance of a first — a remark that
Gibbs ~~honestly~~ believed, but Ashley judged rightly.
But to ~~Ashley [illegible] Could~~ though Ashley often
caught Edward out in small vanities, to him
Edward was so beautiful, so lovable, that he
could never be brought to see the ~~force~~ point of the
~~nick name~~ calling him Nigs. To him,
Edward was beautiful, intelligent; ~~very~~
oddly enough he wanted to protect him from
brutes like Gibbs. Yet ~~for~~ that
brute was one of Edwards chief friends. How he

felt that
as they
both looked

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could tolerate him he did not know — a mere
hulk of flesh & blood... And he had just caught
the infuriating sentence "... you come down about
the first week in September." There was some
private understanding between them. With an
irritation which he could scarcely disguise,
~~Jim~~ Ashley stretched out his hand & opened the
~~book~~ the Antigone: He began to read it.

Gibbs felt this a direct insult. This dirty
little swine came in; spoilt the talk; & then
proceeded to give himself airs at Gibbs's expense —
(for Gibbs had read [illegible] ~~the~~ Antony. Cleopatra the ~~night before~~ without, but
much success ~~the night before~~.) Ashley
he knew, thought him a clumsy brute. Very
well. He would ~~twist his tail for~~ make
things ~~unpleasant~~ twist his tail for him — he
knew how. And he continued, as if there
had been no interruption, to describe the
hack that that he was going to get for Edward
when Edward came to stay with him. "My
people will be in Scotland" he repeated.
We ~~shall have to~~ ~~there wont be any fussing with~~
~~we~~ you dont mind ~~finding an old~~ Ashley
turned a page. Edward took ~~in~~ the hint &
played up to it, maliciously. There was
Ashley pretending to read ~~whole~~ & secretly writhing
with jealousy. ~~He~~ Gibbs & Edward would be
alone; And yet, as ~~as the~~ after a minute or
two he tired of the game. For what a reckoning
there would be! Another row — & he had
already had two. And he did not want rows
at the moment. They wasted time — they

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made it impossible to settle down & get on with ones work. He looked irresolutely at his watch — it was just on half past eleven. ~~He~~ Whatever happened he was resolved to keep ~~the~~ to his timetable. ~~He would get up & leave them.~~ He swallowed down the last drop of his port. He got up. Stretched himself. He suppressed a yawn. ~~Gibbs~~ Ashby shut his book. They both looked at him as he stood before them.

"I'm off" he said. "Up at seven sharp tomorrow... But don't hurry. Finish your drinks.

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19th Feb
1933

...3...

In the humped tree shadow across the garden which
Edward saw from his window the lights were
all lit in the big drawing room; for there had been
a dinner party at the Lodge; ~~the guests had all~~
~~gone~~, Now, the guests ~~had gone~~, ~~but~~ save
the had gone; save for the Howard Fripp~~es~~s, – the American
~~the American Professor~~ & ~~his~~ wife who were
staying at the Lodge, ~~&~~ Dr & Mrs Malone &
Kitty Malone & the ~~Fripps~~ Fripps were ~~all~~ ~~stand~~
all standing about in the large drawing
room as though it were scarcely worth while to
sit down again; ~~they were~~ but ~~yet they~~ might,
~~stand for a moment they might stand~~,
Just ~~for one~~ moment they ~~would~~ discuss the party:
then they ~~would~~ go to bed. ~~As~~ Professor Howard
Fripp (of Harvard) & his wife were guests, ~~comment~~ talk
on the party was restricted on both sides;
The Fripp's ~~s~~ had to say that the evening had been
most delightful: it had been a great privilege to
meet ~~Professor~~ Dr Andrews in the flesh;
Mrs Dick~~son~~ had more than lived up to her
reputation;

for a
ment
they need
stand,
such

! "

Kitty was made aware ~~then~~ she had

the calendar
of great
thoughts
so noble
deeds
not
dream them all day
long

cf. 57

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She worst of being five foot nine was that shoes were
almost always a little tight. White satin shoes in
particular were apt to be tight — & so she thought,
for in her mind they were connected with ~~things~~
~~with~~ occasions, like the dinner party tonight, when
everything was slightly constrained. She had enjoyed watching
~~her~~ Mrs Fripp, she thought; but ~~Chubby & I~~ Professor
Lathom had been rather ~~hard~~ stiff, as usual: &
old Chubby ~~had~~ — well old Chubby was always
old Chubby: She yawned. ~~The~~ ~~Anyhow~~ Anyhow
~~it was over~~ — ~~Monday~~, the worst day in the week,
the day ~~that~~ she always saw a different colour
from other days — because always then At Home
~~day~~. — Thursday was over. She began to undress.
~~There were difficult hooks at the back~~. Undressing
was ~~rather a business~~, not easy, because of the hooks
at the back — she was wearing a white dress with
a great many hooks: but at last the white dress
was off; it was folded properly over a chair, &
then she had to brush her hair ~~which~~
~~Thursday~~ Its over anyhow, she said to herself,
~~&~~ taking ~~the~~ brush & comb. ~~And~~ then she
remembered ~~with~~ that here ~~she~~ was again
standing ~~in front~~ ~~Thursday~~ Its over for this
Ever since she could remember had needed twenty
times more brushing than other peoples. Its
things ~~over~~ anyhow" she repeated, thinking ~~that~~ not for
for another ~~week~~ would she have to pour out tea
for — how many had ~~there been today~~? She counted.
of the tea party. ~~Twelve~~ undergraduates had come today
~~They ran over them~~ It had been ~~a very~~ one of the worst
in her reckoning; ~~Poor Mr. Parker~~ It had
begun with a Mr. Parker coming ~~at~~ half an
hour early, by & then that unfortunate ~~young~~

Mr Fripp was delightful: rather cross: he had spilt the soup on her dress making and now: he had

& began to brush vigorously the hair which

Certain

of 60

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boy with the red hands had sat & sat & sat —
And he wouldn't have gone then, Kitty sighed, if Mama
hadn't got up - said we must dress for dinner." ~~And~~
I should think there must have been twelve of them
altogether, she thought, seeing ~~once more~~ the door opening -
2 another undergraduate coming in; ~~taking~~ & held up her hand ~~her cup~~,
as it brushed her hair seemed again to be filling tea cups;
besides there ~~were~~ was Mrs Dickson. Mrs Lasenby? & that
heaven knows who ~~that~~ the little young woman ~~was~~ — in
green was - - " ~~It had been a bad Thursday: the~~
~~Bodleian~~ Take it all in all, it had been a
bad Thursday: ~~the Bodleian in the~~ sights in the
morning: at home in the afternoon: & then a
regular dinner party to end with. But
anyhow, she concluded, as she brushed with
vigour, its over for one week!" And she
applied herself with ~~some~~ ~~dogged~~ the methodical energy
to brushing her hair. "~~No~~ Yes" she concluded, stopping
& looking at herself for a moment "I'm not a
~~it cant be called a pretty~~ to be pretty - its ~~cant be~~
too ~~big~~.. ~~wh~~ doing one side first, then the
other side, rather nervously, ~~with those~~ the rhythmical
half shutting her eyes." Suddenly she opened them -
There she was again standing at an open window
in her petticoat. That was one of the things
that she had always been told that she must not
do. She moved the candles to the mantelpiece
at the side. Now nobody could see in —
~~as if it were likely~~, she thought sarcastically;
that anybody ~~would see in~~. & she
began brushing again. ~~The candles~~ at
with the light at the side she saw her face
from a different angle. What had Mr.
Repp thought of her, she wondered. She

at its worst

The sound of a bell ~~was~~
Sticking her hair head
turned her to the feet

anybody
might see in.

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kissed me, she thought: so she must have liked me.
~~And she~~ ~~What fun it would~~ And she asked me to
go & stay with them in America, she thought — What
fun it would be! to go to America — to leave all
this — to leave Oxford forever. The bells were now
all in commotion. The bells she had heard in that
room; standing at that window. Ever since she
could remember. ~~She sat down & began~~
~~pulling off her stockings~~ — How she hated Oxford!
It was all very well for people like the Fripps, who
came for a night & then went away — It was all
very well for her father & mother — ~~person~~ they loved
being Master & Mistress — & she supposed it was all
very well for the undergraduates. Standing
at the window, ~~w~~ discreetly shaded, she could
hear a roar of laughter now & then from the
undergraduates' gardens. They seemed to enjoy
themselves in their own rooms, though they were
like ~~that~~ They never laughed like that when
they came to tea at the Lodge. No. They
must be quite different when they were alone,
she supposed. But she never saw them alone,
naturally. (And she began to think of those
who had come to tea — who were all so much
dull strange boys whom she called the undergraduates
alike to her: ~~they seem~~
all so. They were all much alike to her:
There were the rowing men, & the reading men, &
the Eton set & the Winchester set & so on.
~~The Eton men always knew how to get up & go —~~
~~there was that to be said for them.~~
She knew the sort of things one said to the
different sorts: Anyhow the Eton men knew
how to get up & go; she ~~can~~ whereas
those wretched ~~Grammarmen take~~ But

If only she
could leave
Oxford —
for ever

at the Lodge

They were
all much
alike:
of course there
were
the dry

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She ~~felt secretly that they were all very~~ dull — they all said much the same things — ~~they~~ The Eton men knew how to get up & go — That poor

~~but as~~ There was ~~Tony~~ Mr Ashley by the way" she remembered. He had come again today. And why? She sat down & began pulling off the white silk stockings. Why did Tony Ashley come, she asked herself? Had it anything ~~to do with her cousin Edward~~? Why was he somehow different. She compared him with the other ~~young~~ men. When a young man came twice to the Lodge, ~~then~~ it might be that he was in love with her. That was what Mr Hammond did last term — he came — came, at last there was that ~~awful~~ scene at the Balliol Ball. And Lord Lammermoor — he came: but no; he was not going to fall in love.

I can't make out about Mr Ashton, said Kelly, ~~to her~~ reflecting that he gave her a very queer feeling of being different: ~~then she reflected~~ He had talked about Edward. And she had run down Edward. because She didn't much care for ~~like~~ Edward — he was too much of a barber's block. Tom & her Dory had said

What did they laugh at when they were alone, she wondered? ~~What do they do?~~ Her knowledge of undergraduates was ~~so~~ remote enough. She never saw them alone - ~~certainly not in their own rooms~~. She never went to their rooms alone. She knew that there were different sets of course — the rowing set, the reading set, the Eton set, the Winchester set. ~~In~~ One or two figures stood out rather more distinctly as she considered them - Lord Lammermoor for instance; a nice young man with beautiful manners; Edward Pargiter, her cousin; he was too much of a barber's block: & then there was

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She was ashamed to get, but the glow of her mother's tea table talk sometimes found her

Mr Ashley. He had come again today: for the second time this term. But why did he come? Kitty suspected that none of the undergraduates came to the Lodge because they liked coming, but because ~~they had to come~~ ~~it was part~~ of their duty: ~~to~~ as part of theirs – the Malones – always their duty – each had ~~undergraduate was asked once a term~~ – to ask them. Then if one young man came twice, ~~as Mr Hammond had come last year~~ Kitty ~~thus~~ supposed – Oh but she ~~stop~~ pulled herself up. Mr Ashton isn't like that. She was comparing him with the three young men who, up to the present, had admired her: ~~Mr~~ William Hammond. he had proposed, gone to India, forgotten her: Lord Lammermuir, he liked her but ~~would~~ must never be allowed to marry her; & Edward. Mr Ashley had talked to her about Edward; &, turning from the window, ~~just~~ sitting down to pull off her stockings, Kitty

"Edward, whom they call Nigs"

whose sensibility ~~in this I was told~~ had been highly cultivated ~~by Dressmakers~~, nurses, ~~&~~ who knew her 'points,' whose body had been trained since infancy to send out & receive impressions (~~though~~ silently, secretly, however severely drawn controlled, & considered the queerness of the feeling that she had, talking to Mr Ashley. ~~how cool, how queer~~ their relation ~~was – much~~ "It's ~~almost~~ as if he were a woman:" she thought. They had talked about Edward in the intervals of handing out tea. "It's as if he ~~remembering the Eve, the ch~~ recalling something easy, quiet, ~~comfortable~~ in their talk, which as if he were older than she – ~~while~~ the usual undergraduate seemed to her to be about ten years younger – ~~Why, one could~~

under cover of the most proper dress

not a man: not a young man;

She liked talking to Mr Ashley. Yet he did not 'admire' her: no – it was like talking to a woman, or to a much older man. ~~And~~ ~~If~~ ~~But~~ And yet

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that she suspected her, Ashley.
What was it that made her feel ~~that he wanted~~ · pain!
Rakes
"
First, he had seen her having her ice with Mrs Fripp: then
he asking her ~~seemed to want to pump her~~ about Edward. & other
~~They were great friends in the same set~~. wanted to
find out something. Anyhow its over for this
week, she exclaimed, pulling off her white silk stockings
in a kind of rage; for ~~these young men & the~~
~~thought~~ whether it was that she was that she was
~~five for~~ five foot nine & not pretty, Kitty ~~always~~
felt more & more convinced that they loathed
Oxford, that she was not good at ~~her~~ it: that
she must, that she must get quit of the whole thing.
She tore off ~~the pa~~ a leaf of the Calendar
that hung above the mantelpiece. & crumpled it up
as if she were finally disposing of getting rid of the day.
A large Friday in bold red letters ~~confronted~~ faced her, &
beneath it the days motto. "Do noble
deeds not dream them all day long. And so
make life, death & the great for ever,
One grand sweet song! Kingsley
~~That was the sort of thing people were great~~ men
"
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,
Kitty repeated. She took such admonitions with
curious literalness. Because they were
quoted like that she thought that they must be
very wonderful — The whole of English literature
mood
was to Kitty a screen of very ~~[illegible] statements~~
of noble, if disconnected, exhortations. She
looked ahead to read Saturday's message.
"Blessed is he who has found his work;
let him ask no other blessedness. He
has a work, a life-purpose. he has found
it & will follow it! Thomas Carlyle.

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Perhaps Kitty inherited a touch of superstition from the many generations of Yorkshire countrywomen — her mother's family. The Rigbys had been the wives — daughters of Yorkshire squires & clergymen time out of mind. At any rate ~~the felt the~~ Kitty felt her ~~cl~~ Calendar had a way of talking at her. ~~she felt.~~ Good ~~Then she looked very young, very happy.~~ Friday. Better ~~work~~ Do sober things — blessed work — yes; & here she was idly pulling off her stockings & thinking ~~dreaming~~ of young men.

~~Ah but tomorrow — & the tomorrow was~~

Ah ~~And~~ tomorrow. The thought gave her a start of joy — compunction; ~~was her~~ tomorrow, Friday, was her history lesson with Lucy Craddock: ~~her &~~ And ~~she had~~ ~~had only read~~ And, good heavens gracious, she had still twenty pages of Stubbs vol three to finish: She was getting awfully behindhand as usual. With a sudden shaking herself she washed brushed her teeth, washed her hands & face, flung off her underclothes, pulled on her night gown — ~~put~~ arranged her pillows, & set with the candle on the side. Now for a whole hour of Stubbs before she went to sleep.

Kitty loved Lucy Craddock better perhaps than she loved anyone in the whole world. ~~What other~~ ~~at~~ It was a strange kind of love, certainly, for Lucy Miss Craddock was over fifty & her natural plainness — her great freckles, her little eyes, her hooked nose — was & increased by the way she strained her hair back. ~~But~~

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Nevertheless Tuesdays & Fridays were to Kitty days of
great beauty because at ~~two thirty~~ from two to four
on each of those days she read history with Lucy
Craddock. History ~~was the only 'taste'~~ that Kitty had. 'subject'?
& ~~that she came to by way of her~~ Whenever her father
asked her which of her lessons she liked best, she
always said 'Oh history of course'. ~~though perhaps~~
by which perhaps she meant Yorkshire: her mother's own family,
~~what they had done~~; & which king they had fought for, rather
than ~~anything more exact than a close study~~ the [illegible] the history
wars of the Spanish succession, or the real establishment meaning
of the mediaeval Empire – & so, [illegible] up Dr Malone, when Kitty
~~made enquiries~~ & found out that there was a And so then a young
Miss Craddock, ~~who~~ who taught young ladies; a who had been a schoolmistress; & was
She lived in lodgings & Kitty was allowed to walk
there by herself. Indeed, Miss Craddock had produced a little book on
& was a disciple of Dr. Andrews.

She lived in lodgings & Kitty, who was allowed to
walk there alone, hurried – ~~she was late as usual~~ –
Off on Friday, & with her book under her arm.
She was late. Down towards her, billowing
across the pavement, in yellow & white came a party of young
Dresses bound for the river; ~~but~~ – Oxford was rapidly
becoming ~~fuller & fuller~~ of more billowing ~~[illegible]~~ &
striped blazers as the May approached in
spite of the weather. It was not actually
raining today but there was a chilliness &
dampness in the air which made Kitty
pleased that she was not going to sit in a boat
for an hour or two, & they always have a picnic on make a fire ~~bonfire~~ on a
or in a punt bank. Last week at they had spread tea again ~~made a bonfire~~
on an ant heap – & ~~the ants~~ whatever

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Poor Mrs. Wilson
the wife of the
Master of
Bendicts
who was
Chaperoning them,
had got ants
up her back
the jealousy of the
young men. something
primed, respectively
when it
was
completely
unpaid —
about 1820.

Poor Mrs. Wilcox, the M.

one ate there was an Ant in it. But ~~the~~ they looked lovely, the girls in their pale dresses; & the young men in their flannels, ~~&~~ as she passed them; she noticed the beautiful clothes, & the gay, an curious ~~the~~ ~~festivity & the~~ careless feeling touched her, stirred her, made her once more think how bad she was at that sort of thing: And ~~&~~ she turned ~~to the~~ off up this road, down that, till she came to the high, new row of villas which was so great an eyesore to the Masters who ~~all those who~~ had known Oxford ~~as it was~~ It was in one of them cheap new houses that Miss Craddock had her lodging. Now, as she rang the inefficient bell — it came out when pulled, but did not go back — romance began to steal over Kitty, romance that she would ~~see Lucy in a ro~~ be in ~~Lucy's~~ shared be in Lucy's house; which, as the weight of the mixed with ~~the~~ apprehension. For she had not 'given her mind' to her work this week — ~~no~~. She had skimped it again.

Steep
thing them
mean
Mrs
Craddock's
[illegible]
see in
send

Miss Craddock was sitting on a hard chair at a table covered with oil cloth writing notes in the margin of a manuscript ~~in red~~ ink. The odd thing was, ~~the~~ Miss Craddock thought, as Kitty came in, making a little dash at the ~~bed~~ glimpse that she had 'quite an original mind.' But ~~her ignorance; — her~~ & they carelessness — she sighed. What was the use of complaining? None of the pupils could be expected to work at Oxford in the summer term (least of all the daughter of a Master who "had to help mamma"

Once the first thing Kitty said, a

since we had people staying in the house. Miss Craddock" Kitty began ~~at once~~ as she took her place, opposite Miss Craddock at the table. She hated making this excuse again, & so I'm afraid" —

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because Miss Craddock had a way of brushing her hand across her mouth when she was disappointed that Kitty minded very much.

“And when the balls – ~~said he smiling~~ – “~~Miss Craddock~~ ~~when do they~~ begin...?” said Miss Craddock drily with the ghost of a smile, ta etc.

But one reason why Kitty loved Miss Craddock was that ~~she understood~~ although she was not dried up: she understood. The lesson proceeded. For an hour, for an hour & a half Kitty & Miss Craddock discussed the constitution of the mediaeval Empire. And then Miss Craddock ~~pushed~~ took her spectacles off. ~~She~~ She had told Kitty what to prepare for Tuesday – but ~~what was the use of it, Miss Crad~~dock wondered. what was the use of it. Kitty was collecting the sheets of her ridiculous essay.

And then she raised them & opened her eyes & looked very quizzically at Kitty

~~And when do the~~ balls begin! she said dryly.

Kitty flushed. Miss Craddock took up her pen & turned to page one of the essay. For an hour or an hour & a half Kitty & Miss Craddock discussed the constitution of ~~the~~ mediaeval Empire history of England. & probed the depths of Kitty ignorance.

Miss Crad was only human. Kitty was to her very lovely.

“And when do the balls begin?” Miss Craddock remarked drily, as she ~~laid~~ ~~passed,~~ ~~laid down~~ suggested the subject of an essay for next week. Kitty flushed.

And when that was over; ~~she~~ Miss Craddock ~~had~~ suggested a subject for next weeks essay; but she added, drily, “when do

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the balls begin?" Kitty flushed. ~~She looked at~~
Miss Craddock having dropped her eyelids as she made
this sarcastic comment, opened them, & ~~looked~~
puzzled. Oh no, she did not blame Kitty. Indeed,
in her heart she ~~loved girls who went to balls.~~
~~She had never been to balls herself.~~ She loved her. She
loved ~~the~~ ~~her youth, her beauty~~ – for to Miss Craddock,
daughter of a north country doctor, this ~~girl~~ well built
protected cherished ~~strong~~ wealth being ~~beautiful well mannered~~
girl with her beautiful manners, & her
& her ignorance ~~of all the troubles of life~~ –
~~her enormous advantages~~, & her original mind –
~~was a~~ & ~~her dancing & her~~ who went to
dances & – Miss Craddock had never been to dances –
& then came, ~~like a~~ shyly, reverently. Miss
Craddock ~~discouraged~~ stirred Kitty's feeling for her –
to read in her front sitting room was ~~an~~ charming
~~interesting more than merely a charming~~
~~girl~~. was not to be blamed. ~~If she could~~ not
not to be scolded: ~~It~~ How could she settle down to
history with her mind full of dances & parties? ~~And~~
~~Miss Craddock suspected that there was~~
How could she? Miss Craddock would have
liked, had it been hers ~~her province~~, to hear something
about dances & parties. She had never been to ~~them~~
dances & parties herself. When she was Kitty's age
she was teaching [illegible] Latin while she baked the
bread. For she was one of a large family. That was
her youth: & this – Oxford, the centre of
civilisation – was the realisation of her
dreams. ~~And Kitty hated it all.~~ ~~That was~~
~~so interesting.~~

~~work~~ the
book was
propped up
on the
kitchen
table

~~For~~ "The dances don't begin yet." ~~Bu~~ It isn't the dances," ~~so~~
said Kitty ~~[illegible]~~ blushing.

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Mrs Craddock, it's — " " ~~Look~~, It's raining again " she said — raising

Mrs Craddock checked her. One ought not to let girls say things ~~against their parents~~. That was not what Dr Malone paid her fee. And about their home life they often did; ~~but that~~ it was one of the things a teacher must guard against. ~~She~~ And yet as she was sorry; she would have liked very much to know ~~why Kitty was~~ what Kitty meant. ~~She felt some discontent;~~ & what her discontent, her ~~roughness~~, her strength, her power, her wild views upon history came from. Dr Malone was the most polished of men. Mrs. Malone was a perfectly conventional fine looking woman. ~~Their daughter~~ Look at this, my dear she ~~added~~ said, as Kitty got up to go; wishing to keep her, to be kind, yet not too kind, to help her, to signify that she understood, although she was puzzled. For to Lucy Craddock, Oxford was the centre of civilisation: ~~Dr~~ to be set next Dr Andrews was a very great honour. She had never sat next Dr Andrews. One word from that great man about her little book made her blush with excitement. There were some sprigs of ~~red~~ heather a blue flower a white star a lump of moss in a saucer on the mantelpiece. My sister picked them on the moor " she said.

Kitty's face changed.

The moors? she said " Which moors? "

And she put her hand on the damp moss in the ~~Which~~ saucer

" Which moors? The moors outside Harrogate I think " said Mrs Craddock. You ~~put a little moss~~ must you. Keep the moss damp – but not too not too damp ~~— or they live — for ever so long~~.

How I hate Oxford! said Kitty exclaimed.

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I'd hear Ashw-
I'd hear un-
fan ap
them by
myself

Rain, rain, nothing but rain.

"But it's raining up there too, my dear Kitty" Mrs Craddock replied. ya drawn there. but just

"Oh but it's real rain there – not this mug. this mist." said Kitty. "That's where we come from, that's where I stayed as a child. Carter. There's a farm house. That's what I like. Not dances. I ~~should~~ could write my essay then, Miss Craddock' she said. & what Shannon like, Miss Craddock –

~~But~~ ~~Kitty~~ dear Oxford is the most beautiful ~~place~~ city in England' said Mrs Carter. "~~when my doctor came~~ here at ~~Christ Easter, she could hardly~~ You don't know what it's like, ~~being cut off from all society~~ living such miles from anywhere, as I did, when I was a girl."

"Where did you live when you were a girl", said Kitty, turning her eyes full of reverence – affection upon the ugly little woman.

"One of these days I'll tell you all about it" Kitty" said Miss Craddock; comparing her lifes: she still marvelled at her own pentina city. If Kitty could have seen the Kitchen on washing day! It was always wet on Monday when they had to dry the clothes. ~~Some beautiful mom~~ And her mother, with a basket of stockings by her side. She began darning first thing in the morning. But she had They had all done well for themselves. Here she was in Oxford And here were these girls who had everything at their feet.. Miserably scanty though her own achievements were, – none knew that better than she did – still when she thought of the past, of the struggle they had had ever since she could remember, it seemed to her

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that here she should be, at the age of fifty, earning her living in Oxford – reading at the Bodleian.

~~Oh~~ We had ~~Chubby~~ ~~your~~ old Chubby to dinner last night" said Kitty. "Dr Andrews I mean," she added, for this ~~[illegible]~~ familiar form of address shocked Miss Craddock. A curious look passed over Lucy's face: ~~it was rather the look~~ ~~of a~~ it reminded ~~Lucy~~ Kitty of the look on an Italian peasant woman's face when the priest in full pageantry passes into the church. For the almost exalted Lucy to cross herself. For her admiration for the great work of Dr Andrews – there were 7 volumes of it in the drawingroom bookcase at home – was of a profundity that puzzled Kitty. She was too simple to analyse her own emotion. She supposed Chubby was a very great man: ~~She knew~~ she knew that he was extremely grumpy & disagreeable old man. He had a damp heavy hand which he suddenly put on one's knee. ~~She would have liked~~ Still she was quite prepared to believe that he was all that Lucy thought. No doubt when he & Papa were alone with the other old gentlemen after dinner ~~they said wonderful~~ they talked of all sorts of things. And then in College: * in their rooms. Anything might happen there. That side of their life, of her father's life, when they put on their gowns & marched off to lectures was completely unknown to her. ~~But the~~

~~would have liked somehow to~~

"You don't appreciate your advantages, Kitty" said Miss Craddock. And then,

to be

who always quarrelled with Professor Lasker

& had snubbed some incautious remark of her's about Henry the 5th

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What a hat she said What a hat for a girl, dear!

as if she had become suddenly the shrewd old woman, like her mother — it was this that made Kitty love her — She pounced on Kitty's hat, & held it up & turned it round; there was a shrewdness, a queer malice & wisdom in her gesture. She was no fool, Lucy: She was a north country peasant woman with a passion for facts; she was ~~admirably~~ full of common sense; she knew how to darn; ~~she was~~ & she had a passion for learning — a positive passion — Propped up at the table she would read & read & read when Kitty left her. She She might only have another twenty years of reading what was that, with the whole Bodleian before her. And already as Kitty was at the door, that ~~a real~~ a little absentminded: Lovely girl, she seemed to say, pulling two of the lovely — yes, yes a lovely spirit: but you know,
And looked at her: & Kitty knew that she was half eager for her to be gone: for she was fifty: that left only twenty years: Just think of the number of MSS in the Bodleian! Lucy was
~~the~~ one of the happiest people Kitty knew:
What was the pleasure got?

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[illegible]

[illegible]

I u

"You dont appreciate your advantages, Kitty" she said.
~~Think what it~~. after that when I was a girl, I used to dream of
Oxford. It seemed to me + Oxford the most wonderful
place in the world — Dr Andrews I mean
"We had old Chuffy to dinner last night," said
Kitty, & ~~reason~~ as if this for she knew for old Chuffy was ~~the~~ to
Mrs Craddock the most wonderful of men. She
once she ~~had seen~~ she had seen them meet at the
Lodge; & Kitty remembered the extraordinary expression
like that on a peasants face when a priest
goes into a church, with which Lucy had looked at him:
& how stumbling & tongue tied & awkward she had
become in the presence of her male. To her
he was rather a grumpy old man, who huge pleasure always
had quarrelled with Prof Lasfeet; & once
pressed a heavy damp hand on her knee.

had snubbed her hungrily about the Charters of King John

"~~And~~ What advantage" old Chuffy Mrs ~~Craft~~
Craddock unrelated to. the greatest living perhaps historian of his
time It was wonderful to Mrs Craddock
Yes, but to think of sitting at the same table with
a ~~man whom she believed~~ to be the greatest
historian of the age.
~~Really~~ He doesnt talk about history to me" said Kitty.
& rather uncomfortably, she remembered the
condescending way in which Chuffy had
dismissed Lucy Craddock's little book
~~when she mentioned it~~ on the Angevin Kings:

– a mere brochure
primer ?

A very learned ~~stout~~ man" said Lucy; one of our
most. That meant nothing. Kitty did not
know what happened when her father's friends
met on their journeys & lectured. She

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She only knew ~~how very difficult it was~~ ~~to keep him~~ off
his grievance what they were like when they dined
at the Lodge, when she & her mother were in the room—
K. could laugh loud enough when he was drinking
her port after dinner. ~~with~~ ~~She wished~~

But she must not keep Lucy, dearly though ~~off~~ she
would have liked to stay & tell her how ~~she hated~~
Oxford. For, ~~let~~ the odd relationship, the

wide steps—

relationship of the taught to the teacher, seemed to
~~to~~ make her wish to confide in Lucy: ~~seem~~
~~always moved her to tell~~ Miss she could have told
her, what she could tell nobody else. But ~~she~~ was
~~keeping~~ ~~I~~ so ~~And I suppose this hat~~ & Lucy
~~went on, picking~~ had And then Lucy would
not allow it— Lucy was so busy. so austere—
Lucy kept to home— Lucy had a ~~bag~~ of a whole row
of rock hardes on a shelf. Did she dine in this room!
& sleep in it? Was she as poor as all that? ~~But~~ she

And a plate with an apple & a banana

The ~~sofa~~ ~~looked lumpy. And that~~ But ~~Lucy~~ had
well. her time was up.
She put on her hat Lucy looked at her admiringly ~~hat~~—
How wonderful to go to dances. to go to picnics—
to meet young men! She had never been to a
dance in her life— ~~My~~ What a lovely hat Kitty
she said—

"This? Oh but it's very old." said Kitty
& ~~she whisked it on,~~ whisking it on. Very
This is last years hat. I'm going to tea
~~And then she very~~
with Nelly Robson. she added. For Nelly
Robson was Miss Craddock's favourite pupil.

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And I dont know how to find my way" she continued.
Prestwich Terrace — wheres that?
"~~Take a cab~~" ~~About ten minutes~~ walk. Past the
gas works said Miss Craddock — ~~If you like you~~
~~But I I~~ Oh past the gas works" said Kitty, not
liking to reveal her ignorance of Oxford.
If ~~you want~~ to Yorkshire, ask Mrs Robson — She'll
tell you about Yorkshire.

And, repeating humbly that she would come on
~~Monday~~ Tuesday ~~with her~~ she went down the
steps again; & ~~saw~~ on a moor ~~with romance~~
Miss Craddocks umbrella looked romantic.

It may have been the ~~romance~~ tuft of the umbrella,
mingling with the little wild flowers that had
been picked on the moors, — Kittys ~~like holidays as~~ a
was romantic about Yorkshire; ~~as a child~~
she was always sent there as a child to recover from measles in
a farm — that made her forget Miss
Craddocks directions. At any rate she found
herself wandering in that queer purlieus of
Oxford which seems to have created the
control of the City; ~~& to that although the~~
of which she
she found herself in an Oxford
~~had never visited, which was~~ was ignorant,
a red & yellow brand new Oxford, —
which ignored her; whose ~~streets~~ conveyed nothing to her.
calling things by ~~the~~ names ~~on the~~
Only by asking her way again & again did she
find Prestwich Terrace; & she was very late.
~~No~~ Number ten was another cheap new house,
like Lucy's: ~~Mr~~ It
but it was not a lodging; it belonged to the Robsons.
~~Robson~~

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had been bought by Mr Robson who was — Kitty tried to
remember — not a don, not a professor: ~~not~~ what was
a sort of lecturer.
Sam Robson? ~~somebody who had~~ a very remarkable
man, she thought her father had said; ~~who~~ was an entirely
She thought her father had said that he ~~was~~ had ~~been~~ a
Selfmade man
was a miner's son. Mrs Robson either was not
called upon or would not call. There was That was
Ih
something queer about the Robsons. Then the
why ~~the told~~ this was an adventure — & the 'adventure'
door was opened by a girl of sixteen; in a small room.
began. She was told to wait
~~It~~ It was crowded with bamboo tables. The
mantelpiece was crowded with vases. Kitty felt hugely
much larger than usual; what was rarer in her
experience. She felt extremely well dressed. She looked furtively in the
"But I'm only wearing ~~my~~ old hat." She looked at the
draped mirror — ~~an~~ ~~gap~~ old woman head loomed up from a
Furtively,
photographs: ~~a large~~ head it reminded her of
blank space — ~~the head of a~~ [illegible] she was peering
Biggs the cook at the Lodge: that
at a framed certificate testifying that
Samuel Robson had satisfied the examiners ~~of~~ ~~the door opened~~ &
at ~~South~~ Kensington — when in came her friend Nelly.
in came Nelly.
All Kitty's fears were confirmed. She was much
too well dressed. Nelly wore a pinafore which
covered her entirely. And she looked very
stout & very dumpy; but entirely at her ease.
~~Once when~~ Kitty was not at all at her ease.
She seemed too large, ~~too~~ ~~they had~~
"We have tea in the back room" said
Nelly; ~~who~~ roughly conveyed by that commonplace
remark ~~the her her~~ what Kitty had always felt
whenever she saw her — at Miss Craddock's —

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when she came to tea at the Lodge — at a gallery
that they had visited together — ~~that she was~~
such was the extent of their acquaintance — that
she was ever so much older than Kitty: much
rather scornful; much more serious; & altogether
effective: ~~though~~ rather solemn, with her spectacles:
& clumsy: & not well dressed — not at all well
dressed: not dressed They were already having tea it
seemed in the after back room. ~~A short broad woman~~
"Mother, — Kitty Malone" said Nelly in her low serious voice. —
Mrs ~~B~~ Robson was already giving the children their
~~tea. The thick hand.~~ The children — two, one of each sex,
stayed their bread & butter in their hands & stared —
"Pleased to see you" said Mrs ~~B~~ Robson.

A sound of hammering ~~took~~ came in
from the little garden onto which the dining room
looked. ~~Kitty~~ With her powers of observation
quickened by the unfamiliarity of her surroundings;
Kitty seemed to perceive cruets, & ornaments,
hard ugly chairs, a crowded small room, a
room that was at once bare & yet full. The
worn, ~~yet full of~~ used, full of odds & ends;
on the side board for instance there was a
something silver that could never be used: a
bowl that nobody could possibly use eat salad
out of; & more than flowers could really grow
in that pot — yet the table cloth was flowered, chairs did not match, & the
darned; & the chipped tea things Hammer went on outside in
hammer. Hammer hammer went on outside in
the next garden. Yes. There were hen coops.
Kitty had never seen a hen coop in a garden in
Oxford. ~~In~~ The gardens of Oxford dons were
~~always full of~~ flowers. But at the Lodge of course
there was the famous ~~tree~~ — the tree that
reposed, almost at full length, but not fruits, for

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was unpainted.

"They" are all so short", Kitty reflected: "so very
short." — sitting Mrs Robson ~~was~~ in black, with a
cameo at her neck & her hair parted just as
Beggs the cook parted her hair, only came a
little further over the table than the children
did. But she was very broad. And her hair
was parted like the hair in a steel engraving —
hair lying by hair: & she had large steel grey eyes
which looked straight at Kitty with a searching,
a severe expression, that was not like the
respectful, of familiar expression, with which
Beggs received Kitty if Kitty were sent
into the kitchen. Secretly, swiftly Kitty
pulled off her gloves under the cover of the table
cloth. She felt indeed terribly well dressed —
ridiculously ~~tar~~ tall. The children looked at her
Even their solemn eyes implied some reproach, some
dislike. Mrs Robson told them peremptorily to get
on with their tea & the ~~temporarily~~ bread —
butter, temporarily suspended, was slowly
raised once more to their mouths. Then in
came ~~wh~~ the little man — oh how small they all
were! — who was of course Mr Robson: ~~little~~,
smaller, & He too was remarkably short; he
wore an alpaca jacket; his hair was rough; ~~one~~ a
crest stood up at the back; & ~~he~~ Kitty noticed
how stubby his fingers were, & how hard he
gripped her hand when he ~~saw~~ pressed her much more
cordially than his wife had done. He
was like a small boy in an Eton jacket
Kitty thought: ~~looks a~~ combative, truculent.
red cheeked boy: a boy with ~~very~~
rather prominent bright blue eyes: & a white

(Kitty thought comparing her with Beggs the cook)

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a thick grey moustache; & a heavy silver watch chain: & which he covered — tucking a napkin ~~into~~ his diamond wise across his waist coat.

Hammer, hammer, hammer came from the garden. "Pleased to see you" ~~Jam~~ Pa said, ~~They~~ & ~~he~~ Everybody began helping themselves — there was jam & cake & bread & butter & actually cold meat. Yes, ~~they must have meat~~ The servant brought in a dish with a cover. Actually they were going to eat something that needed a knife & fork. Yes. The cover was lifted; & there was fish. Kitty, as she so received her portion, felt that she was no longer in Oxford. She could not place the Robsons at all. Her sign posts were